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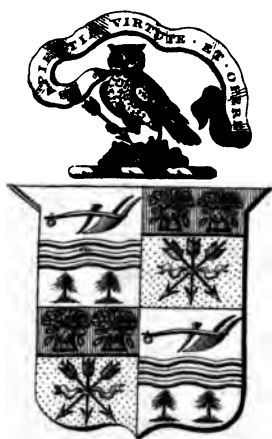
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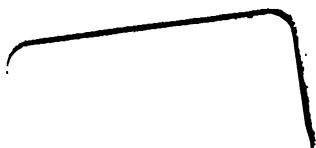
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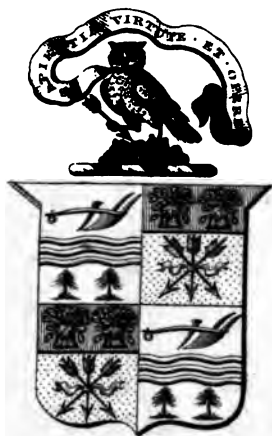




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LLEWELLIN:

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. III.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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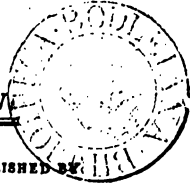
A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

MUMBLY DEDICATED IN PORTICAL ADDRESS TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA
OF WALES.

VOL. III.

LONDON



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LLEWELLIN.

CHAP. I.

THE COMBAT.

WITHIN a mile of Clenville we encountered Stratton and a crowd of tenants, vassals, and domestics, who, on the transfer of the estate to young D'Spencer, had most of them absconded; but on the report of restoration being made to me they had returned to their several occupations, and now greeted me with every testification of loyalty, gladness, and affection.

At Winchester Stratton had found his little plantation flourishing in plenty and in peace. His brethren, as he termed them, to evince the respect they held the benevolent founder in, had kept his appropriate tenement in the most beauteous order, and the gardens in the highest state of perfection. 'Twenty years since,' said Stratton, 'I might have passed over this good-natured trait with very slight commendations; but now that I have scanned the mind of man in all its Mosaic windings, these rustic cottagers beyond expression have endeared themselves to me by this unswayed mark of grateful friendship.'

From Winchester he had rode hither, and having acquainted the domestics with my speedy coming, all, with the promptitude of heartfelt concern, strove to assist in every needful preparation. My sister, ere she retired

to her apartments, insisted on visiting our favourite arbour of Hygeia. Slowly we bent our steps to the scite whereon once it stood—Aye—once: for the charming bower, together with the grove behind it, were no longer to be seen. Much surprized, and somewhat displeased, I enquired of one that stood next me, who had thus ravaged a spot wherein I had placed my chief delight before our ejection from the manor? ‘Young Lord D’Spenker,’ replied the man, ‘the first morning of his arrival here, gave orders for the trees of the grove to be felled, and the flowery pavilion to be razed to the ground, as it obstructed the else extensive prospect of the grand front. Anselm, the gardener, reflecting only on the pleasure that you, my Lord, Earl Lancaster, and the ladies, took in the bower, hung backward at the mandate: he preserved it from the axe and sickle a length of time; and on a second com-

mand being enforced with threats, he but thinned the compacted forest, and pruned the rich luxuriance of the vernal retreat, making both more lovely by his dilatory efforts at destruction; till, enamoured with his own improvements, he not only desisted from mangling them by further thinning, but lound up the falling tendrils, watered the enamelling shrubs, and even sprinkled in the furrowed earth fresh objects for his future care! Ah, silly veteran! ere the seeds he had sown shot up in leaves, the Lord D'Spencer returned, and he was by the despotic Baron adjudged to death. This severe stroke of vengeance had the desired effect; and in an hour the grove and arbour were swept away, leaving not a trace behind. D'Spencer slept in the silent tomb, therefore reflection cloathed not itself in words: but Stratton, seeing that the loss grieved Emma, gallantly promised that when he had been

to Hampshire, to adjust some affairs relative to his village, he would erect a bower that should rival in beauty that of Hygeia. We walked back to the mansion, and Emma, ever engrossed by novelty, ran over the rooms to find what interior alterations the lordly D'Spencer had made.

The idea of Blanche's defection, strengthened by the daily display of my sister's light and airy frivolity of disposition, made me protract my departure, until, indeed, I felt a repugnance to what seemed but an endeavour at realizing my doubts. Not so Stratton, or even Emma. They—for I communicated every thought—exhorted me to seek her, as my surmises might be unfounded, and she now pining in the trammels of base-souled emissaries. Ashamed at my indifference, where the welfare of so beloved an object was at stake, yet, I confess,

willing to take as much latitude of time as I could, I appointed the seventh day from that for my leaving Clenville.

Whilst standing near the lawn-gate, speaking to a venerable tenant that in Gloucester's time officiated as head sewer, I distinguished Norman at a distance, walking leisurely down an alley of trees. He stopped at the first lodge, and spoke to the porter, sitting in a small vestibule o'erhung with white and yellow jessamine, enjoying, in competency and a happy old age, the reward of a laborious well-spent youth. I guessed the question that had been put to him, and Norman's motive for not entering. In haste, for he was going towards Sarum, I dispatched one of a group of children playing near me to call him back, and walked on myself to meet him. My first salutation was a chiding remonstrance for his coming no further than the park-

gate, and then an enquiry after Vincent. He gave me to understand that the youth had been released from durance at the intercession of his Highness, to whom Mortimer, in imperious vaunt, had related the offence; and that he had gone for Winchester Castle to his father Brownlow.

Certain that Stratton intended to depart the next morning for Hampshire, I begged of Norman to meet me at noon the following day on an affair that nearly concerned us both. Many reluctant objections took place; but I over-ruled them all; and ere he left me I gained my point. Stratton, as he had planned, set off at dawn, and Norman, accompanied by Eustace de Erickblane, met me at the appointed hour. An easy and unembarrassed freedom of deportment, resulting from his certainty of not seeing Godfrey, shewed him to me in new and more pleasing

colours. Whilst sauntering with me over the grounds, he frequently intimated his solicitude to know what was the weighty business I had to communicate. But my design, if I wished it to succeed, required more art and address in the promulgation than an abrupt declaration could promise; and I trifled it off until his anxiety was wound to the highest pitch. I then began by casually introducing a mention of Stratton, and ventured to ask wherefore they were such irreconcilable enemies.

As Norman knew not that Stratton had already led me to the source from whence this flow of hatred came, he went over at large the disagreements between Baliol and Llewellyn, acknowledging, at the same time, he himself to be a descendant of Roderick O'Connor, King of Ierne. Then was my moment. Armed with the esteem I zealously entertained for both these

worthy friends—conscious of Stratton's wish for a reconciliation, and that Norman panted for it, but that his pride prevented him expressing his genuine sentiments, I called to aid my every rhetorical attribute, to work upon his stubborn temper; and with these weapons I combatted the vague and groundless reasons he adduced in support of his antipathy to Stratton. I demanded whether, if this cruel injunction had not been laid on him, would he then have spurned the friendship of Godfrey? He replied in the negative; adding, that he had paid, with many an agonizing pang, Baliol's fostering care, by persisting in rejecting amicable proposals from a man to whom so oft he owed existence. I then put the direct question of, whether this irascible enmity was never to expire? He paused. 'The only means,' rejoined he, 'to break down the bar-

rier that now holds us separate I have already submitted to Godfrey's consideration; but his eccentric ideas will not suffer him to accept the terms: these are, for us to stand Baliol and Llewellyn's proxies, and engage in single combat.' I was prepared for this; but was apprehensive, since Norman still dwelt on this perilous mode of accommodation, that the inveteracy which divided them would be everlasting.


I did not, however, express my mind to him; but asked, if perchance either survived the conflict, would he then regard Stratton with the eye of friendship? A fervent oath contained his promise to obey the dictates of his heart, if I could win Stratton over; but that he considered a work beyond human art to accomplish. Thus ended our interview; and it being dark, we took leave of my sister, and adjourned

to rest; he having consented to take up his abode with me until the following Monday.

I rose with the golden luminary, and the first person that gave me the salutation of the morn was Stratton : he was then on his way to Lymington, and could not forbear giving a passing call. The opportunity was too fortunate to be lost, and I related to him my conference with Norman; but Godfrey was as inflexible in what he thought right, as the other in what he partly knew to be wrong. Urgent business calling him away, he reluctantly left me; and as Norman was not yet risen I went towards the wilderness, leaving orders for none to disturb him; but when he quitted his chamber to let him know I desired a few words.

Whilst reclined in an alcove, formed by the branches of the sycamore, and

inhaling the freshened breezes of the morn, a sudden, a strange, and, indeed, a most extravagant idea presented itself. This no sooner shaped itself into probability than I resolved to put it in execution. Norman could not concede without a decision by arms, which, if they outlived, was but at the most a vain process of form and ceremony, and if both or either perished the end of course was frustrated. Godfrey, whose eminently humane qualities forbade him indulging a savage disposition, at the expence of blood would purchase no man's amity. To reconcile, then, these contrarities, and unite these two warring hearts, I determined, under the semblance of Stratton, myself to engage Norman in combat. Thus he would be duped into a surrender of good-will, and Godfrey, without suffering degradation in his own eyes, would be ennobled to Norman's view.




Imagination on fire at a look forward to the blessed consequences of my essay, I sprung up to join Norman, who remarking the eagerness I could not suppress, enquired the cause.— ‘Stratton,’ said I, ‘has but now left me. Stratton, who burns to hear you call him brother, breaks through all the fastidious rules he had laid down whereon to act, and yields to thine and Baliol’s stipulations! He will meet you as Llewellyn’s son, on your crest to exonerate his father from everlasting calumny: he accepts the challenge, and will face you, mounted and accoutred, at Stonehenge, on yonder plain, as the toll of Salisbury chimes twelve.

‘The following are the preliminaries to which he has acceded, and which I now repeat, to obtain your sanction. It is agreed that I alone attend you to the field, taking upon me to be sole

umpire: and which ever is subdued shall first extend the hand of friendship to the other. Reflect—it yet lies with you to relinquish the exaction of blood; but if you are hostilely bent on shaking the arms of defiance, then be near the Druid's Pile at noon.'

Fearful of trusting myself longer with him, I hastened to the armoury, there to inspect Stratton's coat of mail, which he had had fetched from Worcester Castle. He was of a larger make and much taller in height than myself: but as this suit appertained to Llewelin, and did by no means fit close on his son, I made no doubt but that it would serve the purpose. Eustace de Erickblane I chose to personate me: and as active blows were all that were required in this rare encounter, I entertained no apprehension of Norman seeing through the device.



Leaving my sister busily employed in her female avocations, at the appointed hour, accoutred and equipped, Eustace and myself traversed the park, and by a private gate came out on the heath. From afar we beheld Norman, armed cap a pee, striding over the ground, impatient for our advance. We joined him—I as Stratton, Eustace representing me. The usual forms over, the attack began. As he fought through principle, and not inclination, his blows were desperate and well aimed; and though I carefully avoided the mortal stroke, yet I combatted as methought Stratton might; my only endeavour being to subdue and make him owe his life to my forbearance. After contested superiority, and a vigorous struggle for the space of half an hour, I threw him headlong on the earth: then flinging my lance afar, I stooped, and bent over him. He extended his hand and rose. We em-

braced; and in that concordant act he took the heart of Godfrey.

We then all three returned to Clenville, without having exchanged a single word; for Eustace, as my proxy, by a motion enjoined silence. As quick as my trembling limbs could move I made to my own apartments, and stripped me of the broken mail. The several hurts I had received in different parts of the body were dressed by a man of skill in my confidence, and I hastened to the chamber where I had directed Eustace to conduct Norman. A slight wound on the left shoulder, I was rejoiced to find, was all the ill he had sustained: nevertheless I prevailed on him to keep his apartment the remainder of the day, as I gave him to understand Stratton meant to do. The next plan was to prepare the latter, whom I expected that evening, for a proof of the power

of mediation. I was long perplexingly divided, whether to bury this romantic adventure in oblivion, and assign Norman's change to returning reason and my argumentative persuasions, or trust to Stratton's good-nature for my pardon, and by his lips confirm Norman in the imposition: but this, on second reflection, I totally abandoned. From what I had seen of Godfrey I was assured that he would not only disapprove of the delusion, but reject a reconciliation built on the firm of treachery. Necessity then forced me to take up my first intention, and summon all the plausibility and stratagem I was master of to finish what I had begun.

On Stratton's arrival I requested a private moment, and acquainted him, with a glow of rapture that stamped my words with truth, of my having achieved a miracle, in that Norman

yielded every adverse objection, and now but awaited to give him the hand of fraternization. This good, this benevolent man rejoiced much in my having chased hatred from a breast where every virtue shone, and asked immediately to see him; but I had yet another task to accomplish ere they met. Desiring Stratton to be in the way on my return, I repaired to Norman's apartment. He tenderly enquired what appearance Godfrey's wounds bore? In reply I told him they were but trifling, and that I came to announce his new friend, who, cloathed in the habit of peace, attended to ratify their fellowship. 'But,' continued I, as you imposed conditions to which Stratton has acquiesced, he now, on his side, exacts a promise to be made to me as the arbitrator, preparatory to your interview: this is, that you shall never hereafter, on any consideration, be induced to give the

slightest allusion to your contest on the Plain, as he has resolved to banish it for ever from his memory.'

Norman smiled, rejoining, ' Godfrey has anticipated me; for I was about to engross the issuing stipulations to myself, and put the same proposition to him.' Being but slightly incommoded by his wound, I no longer repressed the generous ardour he displayed to join Llewellyn's son; but asked him to walk forth. He did so. Stratton awaited us on the slope before the mansion; and there, in the presence of Eustace and myself, Norman and Godfrey exchanged eternal friendship.

I had antecedently given directions to the head steward, and at night a splendid banquet was prepared. My two friends sat on either side. The inhabitants round Sarum, above a cer-

tain class, who had received invitations on the occasion of my return to Clenville, now displayed a gallant show, flanking the table, whilst Emma adorned the head. Stratton and Norman pledged each other in flowing goblets—the first in crystalline water, the latter in the sparkling juice of the ripened grape. Jocund faces and alert limbs attended on the board; and aloft, in stately majesty, sat the choristers and minstrels, whose magic breath and mystic vibration lent harmony to the blithe and social group. At periodical pauses we were no less pleased by the loud ebullitions of rustic mirth from those assembled on the green, to revel in harmless sports, lighted by the lunar rays.

All smiled a pleasing gaiety—all contributed their share to increase the general hilarity—when, on a sudden, the peals of jovial laughter without

ceased, and those that entered the saloon wore faces whereon caution, wonder, and distrust, were visible. This quick transition spread imperceptibly a gloom over my guests, and made me infringe on the laws of politeness, by requiring an explanation. One of the servants replied, that a man, regardless of all hindrance, had forcibly passed the porter's lodge, calling on Lord Cornwall with a fretful impatience more like a petulant boy than the sturdy bravo his gigantic stature bespoke him: roused to outrageous displeasure on the jocund peasant's venturing a jest on his ludicrous appearance, he scoured them from the lawn, and was then in the hall, insisting on seeing and speaking with me.

‘Yet,’ added Bernard, unable to check his humour, ‘the mighty Hector is more to be laughed at than feared; for his woe-begone visage is stretched

at least half a rood in length.' As I could not, through deference to my guests, rise from the board, I desired Bernard to shew him into the anti-chamber, and I would attend at my leisure. But where the call of humanity, the prospect of doing good, or allaying pain, obtruded on the established rules of society, Stratton heeded not the latter. With a pleasantry that gave a polished grace to indecorum, he excused himself by saying, that as he was such a sorry companion in doing honours to the vine, his presence could scarce be missed, except in leaving a vacant seat; and to fill that he recommended the merry page, young Bernard. This not being meant as an offence, it was consequently not taken as such; for a desire that a decent equality might preside, formed part of the preluding benediction pronounced on entrance by the prelate of Exeter.

The banquet over, and the guests withdrawn, Stratton returned, followed by David Powdras, our quondam keeper at Worcester Castle, whose grotesque physiognomy at once attracted pity and excited merriment. I asked of Stratton the meaning of his unlooked-for appearance; but he, smiling, referred me to David, who commenced his tale by premising that it should be concise: yet this unfortunate brief narration he inlaid with so many incoherent expressions that it was long ere I could gather what he actually aimed at. The substance, however, of the moaning complaint was, that he had a brother, John Powdras, of Exeter, who being given to the immoderate use of wine, some time back, in a convivial association, was thrown totally off his guard, and in the exhilaration of an enflamed brain, related, among other fancies and whimsical conceits, a legend by which he proved, from the

asseverations of his familiar spirit, who lived with him in the likeness of an owl, that he was true heir to the crown of England, his father and the present King having been changed when infants by the contrivance of an ill-favoured wizard, in revenge for some former pique. John, the foolish witling, was conveyed to London, where he underwent a summary trial; and that morning the sentence was inflicted on the seditious criminal, he having been hung and quartered at Tyburn.

David shared in his brother's ruin : he was discharged from his office at Worcester; he could not again, as he said, take up his former trade of mole-catcher, and therefore he had come to Clenville to beseech my aid, by allowing him to fill any situation in the household, as a sort of recompence for the many disinterested kindnesses he

had shewn me during my imprisonment. We gave him the small share of comfort he needed, as to his unhappy brother's fate, and I, awarding my protection, dismissed him, desiring him to mingle with the servants until I could resolve on what place in the establishment he could fill with eligibility.

I will not trouble you with our observations on this affair of the imprudent Powdras. Severity, beyond doubt, was carried to a reprehensible extent; but there the mind came out; for intemperance, far from adding extraneous notions, does but unmask and shew the genuine texture of that which discretion and the hand of power oft envelopes in dissimulation.

The next day, also marked for festive amusements, was the last of my tarrying at Clenville, the time being

expired for me to commence my search after the long lost Blanche. How oft since hath the opening of this morn reminded me of that when Stratton left his cottage, at the foot of Snowden, to ramble over Selmer Mount, and returning, found it a mass of fire! Such appeared this day, bright, heavenly, and serene! As it grew old, the heat became intense—it burned, it parched the verdure; the water of the lake felt tepid, and all nature drooped, faint and languid. The night came, and we rallied, with revived spirits, to the banquet-room. The ventilators were thrown open, and the pannels round hung with boughs and flowering shrubs, that, waving, gave a breeze, which proved a welcome succedaneum, since Heaven denied the gentlest zephyr.

Now mirth resumed her sway,
sweetly rarified by the decent compla-

cency of female decorum, that blended elegance with conviviality.

Whilst the regales of wine and fruits were passing, Emma, at the instance of our guests, tuned an ancient and seraphic hymn. To allow the voice more modulation, she seated herself at the further extent of the saloon. The voice! the ecstatic voice! that, the last time I heard it, melted every heart in thrilling wonder, now sucked the watry tributes of extolment from the admiring listeners! But the sound that enchained the transported senses in exquisite delight, soon softly died away in an expiring warble. The air was far from finished, we awaited for the breath again to swell to the highest pitch of melody; but it sunk, it faltered — the harmonious chord had snapped.

Hurt at the effect this abrupt conclusion must have on her auditors, and modestly shrinking from their scrutinizing gaze, yet overcome, as I imagined, by some acute recollection, she averted her face, and wept. The visitors, much alarmed, crowded to her relief: but collecting her fortitude, she passed it off with a faint smile, as an involuntary turn of caprice, and joined in sprightly conversation with the ladies. But I was not so readily satisfied. My wandering glances rested on the open folded doors, and through the crevice, to the right, I discerned a fluttering, as if from some personage desirous of remaining concealed. I approached, and looking athwart a grated lattice, beheld the same figure, in the purple garment, that had introduced himself to me with liquid greetings in the church of Sion.

Angry at a man's thus prowling on the lurk, and having recourse to vile subterfuge—why does he not, thought I, if he has fair pretensions to my sister, avow himself, and apply to me, instead of thus insidiously forcing himself on her notice? I advanced towards the pillar behind where he stood; but he, quickly drawing the cloak over his face, vanished at the opposite door.

I would have still persisted in endeavouring to unmask this base and despicable skulker, when a piercing shriek reverberated through the mansion—a second, and a third, followed in rapid succession. These reiterated yells were succeeded by a tremendous and appalling crash. I turned towards my guests: wild despair was marked on every countenance. The floor shook—the lights were extinguished by an invisible hand—and one of the front

spiral columns that supported the dome fell. I rushed among the horror-struck throng, and snatched my sister in my arms. The men laid hold of the shrieking females, and crowded precipitately to the entrance. Another pillar started into splinters—the walls balanced—the roof above cracked, as muttering, ‘ Save thee, or be overwhelmed !’

On the lawn, fronting the rocking edifice, we laid down our senseless burdens, and went back to the assistance of those that might still have been left in the dwelling ; but after repeated search it was declared empty. In less than two minutes the building, heaving to the height of three or four feet, sunk, and giving way, fell, scattering the ruins far around.

CHAP. II.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

THEIR present situation being insecure, we strove to remove the women to a distance from the wide-stretched devastation; but the trembling of the earth, the chasms yawning destruction at every step, the uncertainty where to tread, for the ground rolled like undulating waves, much impeded our progress, and it was with incredible exertions that, illumined by the radiance of the moon, we reached the park, designing to make to the plain of Salisbury, as affording more security than the hamlets. Here hundreds joined us from the town and circumjacent villages, where the fall of the houses trebled the danger.

Still I clasped Emma in my arms, when, as passing through a small but thick cluster of trees, I distinguished a feeble cry behind me; an infant of two or three years old, incapable of keeping up with the flying pace of the fugitives, had fallen near the banks of the river, and now lay impotent and deserted. The first impulse I obeyed, and placing my precious Emma at the foot of a tree till my return, I ran back to the assistance of the helpless child; but before I could grasp at it, the earth heaved, a subterraneous groan burst in a loud clap, and the infant, raised by the motion on an acclivity, rolled down the opposite side. Trembling for her I had left behind, yet determined to succour the forlorn babe, I fell on my knees, and crawled after it with the utmost celerity; by this means I happily grasped the child's cloathing, and drew it to

me; then endeavoured to regain the spot where I had left my sister.

The first shock of terror I felt was on missing the grove of trees under which I had left her; mad to know the worst, I clasped my new prize to my heart, and ran forward until stopt in my course by a wide-stretched crater, formed by the sinking of many a perch of ground; and now, alas! the grave of my lamented Emma. Gathering hope from despair, I skirted the precipice, and joined those that had already reached the wold. To emerge at least from this distraction of uncertainty, I put the question on the probability of my sister having escaped. Ah! no; all heard the violent concussion, all saw the thicket disappear and the aperture formed, but none knew that any person lingered behind. She had then perished—poor helpless maid!—

gone, for ever gone! Oh that the hand of terror, I ejaculated, may have withheld the reinstatement of thy senses until thou wert ushered into heaven! It was not my having abandoned Emma that had exposed her to the danger, but the taking the fatal path through the grove; for had I not returned to save the child, I had only the miserable consolation of reflecting that I must inevitably have sunk with her.

Thus triumphing in lofty pride, and gladsome look-forward, at being restored to my patrimony, my dependants, and my sister; exulting in the moment that I imagined wanted but the participation of the absent Blanche and the entombed Montford, to render it perfect happiness, was I hurled from the air-built throne of security, and taught to know that the present is but a vision.

The dire calamity of this night operated universally, shocks more or less being felt in every part of Britain, but in London particularly we understood much havock had been done, and many lives lost. We were still scattered on the extensive waste, when Stratton suggesting that he conceived no further peril was to be apprehended from the long undisturbed state of the earth, and the rising of a brisk and exhilarating westerly wind, we were advised to make towards the nearest village, and procure accommodation for the females.

Many of the low tenements belonging to the humble cottagers had stood the convulsion: to these we escorted the women; and those that judged fit walked on to Salisbury, where they procured beds for the night.

What a scene of horror the morn disclosed! broad furrows striped the earth as that the globe were cracked asunder, and they that stood on the opposite margins, now two feet distant, might at the slightest motion of the ball be separated by immensity. Here were elms, some sunk midway in the mother's breast; others, whose verdant tops before the loftiest of the forest, now but just appeared above the surface; here water bubbled where waved a field of ripened corn; there rose a mound of rugged vastness that was a level whereon the oxen had trailed the harrow. Whilst examining the superficial effects of the intestine war, I reached the scene of my everlasting regret.

Stratton was within; we stood some time at the brink, when an exclamation from him recalled me from the

most poignant meditations. 'Look down the chasm,' he cried. I did; something seemed to be slowly ascending; it was a human figure, climbing up the perpendicular steep by the jagged stumps and roots jutting out from the irregular and indented sides. The only conclusion I could form was, that the man in purple, hearing of Emma's fate, had thus sought conviction of her irremediable loss. Full of this idea, I walked to the side he was mounting by, and thus he could not, but at the hazard of his life, avoid the displaying those features his mysterious procedure informed me he was conscious I was not unacquainted with. But in lieu of my purple cloathed stranger, Norman sprung from the depth, and alighted safely on the surface.

Far from expecting to see either, he was confused when he beheld Stratton and me, but with a melancholy smile—

‘My sceptic way,’ he said, ‘I reject belief until optically convinced. The lady Emma’s death could not have been decisively ascertained without more inquiry; I have explored the mineral regions, but nearly deprived of breath by the suffocating vapours: it is rather an abyss than a chasm; look, hanging on the branches of an ingulphed tree I found this robe, which must have been wrested from her person whilst winging downward the rapid flight.’ He extended to me the sad testimonial of dear Emma’s death—it was the silver-tissue mantle my sister wore on the occasion of the disastrously terminated banquet.

I owed not now the deprivation of Clenville to worldly arbitration; therefore repining would have disgraced a maniac. On the application to me of an artizan, relative to the purchase of the effects, ruins, and premises, I com-

plied with his demands, and disposed of them at a fair valuation. As my mind was in a too harrassed state to turn a thought towards fixing on any permanent residence for the future, I discharged the domestics of Clenville, with the promise, that if hereafter I should be inclined to found again a household establishment, they should have the refusal of every department composing it; to these conditions they bowed obeisance. But when David understood that I intended to dismiss him among the rest, his rage became ungovernable, and he solemnly protested in monosyllables, that *nolens volens* he would never quit me. Ruled by compassion for his inability to please in service a master less rigorous than myself, rather than prompted by a willing disposition to retain him, I silenced his boisterous remonstrances by compliance; but as his age, person,

and invincible dullness, rendered it needful for me to have a younger and more diligent attendant: at his own pressing solicitations, I engaged Eustace de Erickblane, who had proved his worth and activity on many occasions, if we except his embassy to me from Lord Dacre.

How he had gained the intelligence he could scarce himself inform me, but he communicated his firm suspicions that the Lady Blanche had been conveyed to the northern isles of Scotland, though by whom, or for what design, was yet enveloped in uncertainty. No tie now bound me to England, my very soul was centered in the recovery of Blanche; and as it seemed more prudent to follow the slightest clue towards this desirable end than beat a trackless way, on the Orkneys then my jaded fancy rested.

I had now neither inheritance or landed property, my revenues arising from the Cornwall mines were alienated to the crown, and the whole of my wealth consisted in a sum of money I had deposited with a goldsmith in London, this was my sister's dower, which, of course, devolved to Lancaster had their union taken place; but as Providence had frustrated that, by taking them to himself, the portion now reverted to me.

Stratton and Norman were both gone to Winchester to examine into the state of their respective possessions. I had for some time back much desired to see Lord Winchester, who, after the singular proof of condescension and regard he had at a certain period bestowed on Montford and myself, claimed my warmest acknowledgments, and kindest remembrance. Mingling,

then, an act of necessity with one of duty, I set off for Winchester to meet my friends, and pay my humble devoirs to old D'Spencer. I might have spared myself much perplexing cogitation on the propriety of introducing Norman to the Earl, for on reaching Winchester Castle, and being ushered into an open pavilion, there I beheld Stratton, Norman, and old D'Spencer engaged in the full force of conversation.

The latter, confined at intervals to his room by many ailings, and already exhausted by his kind visitants' efforts to cheer his spirits, could only affectionately grasp my hand, but that pressure expounded all he vainly strove to say. My friends accepted a silent invitation to a ramble in the garden, and we left the good old Earl to take his evening's slumber.

‘Here you meet us both,’ cried Norman when out of hearing, ‘the compleatest indigents that this realm can boast; in the rapacious bowels of the earth is all my worldly substance, together with Godfrey’s charming plantation; so I must straitway set again to my ancient trade of barge-building.’ ‘And thou, Stratton,’ said I, ‘what wilt thou do?’ ‘I,’ rejoined he, ‘am under no anxiety for the future whilst that the land lackstilling.’ ‘Then as I, unfortunately,’ replied I, ‘am rendered disqualified, by the terms of my release, from holding any public employ, or serving among his Highness’s forces, and since that I can as yet neither build a barge or till the land, I must needs live like a bishop on Divine Providence.’ Stratton asked seriously—‘was I determined on proceeding to the Orcades?’ I replied that I was; and demanded how their inclinations stood towards accompanying me in the tour,

which, whether successful or not, would be no unpleasant excursion. Stratton complied, but Norman preserved silence; whilst waiting for an answer, he gave a sudden start back, then pointing forward, exclaimed in measured accents,

Some where—I hear him!—a prophetic bard
Divinely sings,
‘The lion plays upon the harp too hard,—
He’ll break the strings!’

I should have pronounced my friend deranged in his mind, but that Stratton laughing, recommended Norman in future to preface his poetic effusions, lest that he might not always have an expounder of his rhyming text at hand.

I have of late, Chaucer, been so much engrossed by detailing the private concerns of my life, that the biographer has scarce suffered the historian to introduce the smallest comment on the complexion of the times; but we must

now have recourse to his aid, the better to elucidate subsequent events.

England and Caledonia had long thrown open Janus's portal, when the younger Bruce landed in the north of Ireland with formidable numbers. The natives flying from the incessant pains of oppression to the shadow of relief, flocked in swarms to the Scottish Prince, who, inflated by these unexpected reinforcements, extended his lines, sacked Dundalk, besieged Carrickfergus, and gave a brilliant overthrow to the haughty Fitzroy, the then Lord Deputy. Many trifling skirmishes and pitched battles ensued between the dissenting powers; but the gallant Bruce, nobly sustained by the intrepid exertions of his Hibernian auxiliaries, was nearly wresting this lucid gem from the crown of England, when the headstrong impetuosity of the

ward, by asserting his claims to uncontrouled dominion. O'Connor's purpose was to cross the water, rouse the expiring energy of the offspring of the kings, proclaim himself the grandson of Roderick the sovereign prince, consult on what measures should be taken to free Ireland from the yoke of England, and thereby exalt her to a generous independance in the European states.

Yet, to a dispassionate comprehension, what was this scheme but the wildness of chimera. It was now the fifth reign since the subjugation by Henry, the warlike spirit that at times burst out in partial insurrections was rapidly expiring; generations had sprung up since in bondage, and habitude had, to some, rendered tolerable what, however, the major part deemed the vilest servitude. But from whence were the resources to be drawn to set

hostilities on foot, carry them through, and, if victorious, keep the land in a respectable posture of defence? How could a vigilant, sagacious, and valorous governor be insured for the future rule of the redeemed realm? for, without such, the foe, far superior in means and population, ever on the lurk for the feasible hour, would again infest the shores, pour forth swarms of rapacious locusts, and, when reinstated on the throne of despotism, the nation would be treated, not as a vanquished people, but scourged as revolting rebels. The internal insecurities against invasion, the total lack of means, the consumptive patriotism worn to a skeleton by the unceasing and vexatious exertions made by callous oppressors to establish subordination, but, above all, the local situation of the island marked futility on the coming attempt; for England held it, as it were, in a corner, far apart from its sister states,

by which she stifled the imploring cries for aid, kept at bay all support, arrogantly menacing, 'mine thou art and shalt be to the end of time.'

All these considered, Norman's enterprize seemed to us utterly impracticable, or at least insufficient to answer the motives for undertaking it; as Ierne, though she might nod defiance for a while, could not be expected to stand upon the defensive long, whilst the insatiable and potent Briton was her neighbour. But where the mind is shut to conviction, of what avail are documentary admonitions, or submissive representations? Hibernia, he advanced, had never been conquered, the usurpation of the first Henry was of the blackest and most inexcusable nature. Dissensions arose among two petty princes: Henry, called in as arbitrator by these imprudent individuals, silenced their bickerings by

reducing to servitude a whole nation: to bring it to a domestic view,—if two families residing in one mansion contend for superiority, increase of gain, or aught else, and they call in a friend to their aid; if that friend treacherously effects the ejection of the lawful owners, and seizes on the tenement, why should not they enleague together in an effort to expel the worthless Braggadocio? ‘But even admitting the island had been conquered, conquest,’ he resumed, ‘was indefensible in every point of view: though you let the rod fall on actual antagonists, and lash a personal opposer into subjection, why should the system of wrath and terror be rendered hereditary, and for the base pusillanimity or ostentatious challenges of pride, why should generations to come be doomed to launch unfettered into life? Neither Dermot or Mecherdech exerted themselves in behalf of their oppressed countrymen, yet I will not,’

said Norman, 'follow the tame supineness of my sires, but when by secret practices I can ensure support, then will I openly declare my design of checking the ambitious strides of these insolent, these plundering foreigners; many similar attempts have failed, and many more will; so may this; but without first making the trial no work can be accomplished.'

Stratton and myself were silent; he remarked our coolness only by observing, that when we chose to shorten our visit at Winchester Castle he would depart for Ireland. I had before this drawn a sufficient supply from the jeweller's, and as his expedition required ten times my whole substance, I could only press on him a small sum, merely to answer present exigencies; but he good-humouredly declined it, saying, 'it was safer to be wholly destitute than run short, and he was


persuaded that he could exert his influence as well with words as gold.'

I could not forbear smiling at the sanguine ardour he expressed of success, and remarked, that though in the Orkneys, I looked to hear of his Hibernian feats. 'But if your banner waves to the shout of victory, and your kingship expels all aliens, how will Urban's deed be respected? it must fall under confiscation, unless gallantry inclines your Highness to secure it to the fair owner.' 'Ay, laugh,' replied Norman, 'proceed you on your enterprize, but I warn you to be expeditious, or, when you visit St. Urban's, you may chance to find your destined lady sovereign queen of Ierne.'

It being late, we made back to the Castle; but as crossing a new-ploughed field, to Norman I was indebted, per-

haps, for life. The path which we had taken near the hedge being narrow, Stratton led the way, and Norman followed me; warmly engaged in discourse, I heeded not my steps, and reaching forward to break a bough of leafless hawthorn, I trod upon a soft substance, which slipping from my pressure, sprung upward, and entwined itself around my ankle. Ere I was aware myself of the peril I was in, Norman with rapidity darted down, and snatched the reptile with a nervous grasp; instead of flinging it afar, his first impulse prompted him inconsiderately to put an end to its being by crushing it with his heel; but at the moment of effecting this it launched its poison full in the fleshy part of his arm.

My exclamation of terror caused Stratton to turn; we would have



afforded assistance, but he, unmindful of either, hastily let fall the reptile, took out a clasped knife, made a large incision, and in one circuit of the point cut away every particle of infected matter; with our joint aid, he then twisted a wrap of linen round the wound, and we hastened towards the Castle.

Oh, much-loved Norman! having still in mind our last interview, the remembrance of this act imparts to me keener anguish than could the forked tongue of the sightless adder!

We parted at Beaumaris, Norman for the Hibernian coast, and we to the northward. A land route being subject to tedious delay, danger, and embarrassments, we proposed taking our passage to Scotland by water; yet this had also its peculiar perils and inconveniences: not to mention the variety

of accidents incidental to trusting to the fickle elements, the Irish sea had of late been formidably infested by a drove of Norwegian pirates, who with light sloops attacked all vessels excepting those of force, for the purpose of plunder. The inhabitants of Beaumaris informed us that not a day passed without the capture of passage-ships, and it was near an impossibility for those of traffic to venture across the Channel. Frequent supplicatory applications had been made to the Scotch and English Governments in order to curb the daring licence of these naval freebooters, and guard the commercial interests of the kingdoms; but as yet the legislatures had not thought proper to take any precautions against the spreading evil, and the hardy corsairs still continued to annoy the seas by every species of wanton and uncontrouled depredation. This information, at first, proved a considerable damp to

our intended course ; but on deliberation, the insurmountable uneasiness of traversing, in the depth of winter, vast denuded tracts, rich only in sterility, destitute of verdure or forage, was a chilling task, and we preferred the risques of falling in with the maritime rovers, to undertaking a land pilgrimage for the northern isles.

CHAP. III.

THE PIRATE.

THE night preceding our embarkation, David was restless and uneasy; he had taken a strong antipathy to the sea, or rather the idea of the pirates had so forcibly impressed his imagination with terror, that courage and perseverance nearly failed him; but such was the sternness of his contumacious disposition, that he still maintained a determined resolution not to leave us. Our first morning salute was his doleful and drowsy countenance. Stratton asked whether he had not rested well?—No, he replied, his night having been haunted by the dream of an owl, which, most assuredly, predicted that some heavy disaster impended over us, for the bird

was rough, disgusting, and emaciated, To his laconic persuasions against trusting to the element, we stated to him the incommodiousness of any other method of travelling: the passage by sea, in which we should meet with ample accommodations, would not extend to the fourth day at the farthest; whereas, in travelling by stages or on horseback, we could not hope to reach the Orcades in less than some weeks. A slight after-representation of the imminent perils we should have to encounter by land, effectually silenced him, and he grew reconciled to the chance of meeting with the marine pillagers. The ship that was to transport us lying off Holyhead, we rode across from Beaumaris, admiring the luxuriant fertility of this small isle, at once romantically picturesque and richly cultivated—secluded, yet profusely populated.

As traversing an open common, David, whom it pleased to gallop on before, was thrown into a second predicament, by his horse giving a sudden start, and neither blows or caresses could force the mulish brute to stir a pace. As we were on a fair level ground, not the smallest visible obstruction being near to impede him, the panic-struck rider solemnly declared that an apparition stood at his horse's head; and he had not the least doubt but that it was the ghost of his murdered brother, that came in kindness to warn him of some dreadful approaching ill. This silly idea took strong hold of his mind, and though shivering with affright, and scarce able to keep his seat, he would neither dismount himself, or suffer Eustace to lead his froward courser, but wheeled him round and round in many a circuit, till it halted, and refused to

tread the spot. As our moments were precious, we spurred on, leaving him and Eustace to manage the refractory brute; but the latter overtook us on the beach, and laughing most immoderately, acquainted us that Old Balaam, as he entitled David, had received a sturdy shake from his frolicsome steed, which had left him prostrate on the ground. The rueful Esquire now came up, railing at me for setting him on a vicious galloway. With a weighty heart, deep-drawn sighs, and down-curved mouth, he climbed on board the vessel.

Now we skirted the Hebridian Isle of Collonsa and Tyrree, and the loved spot of which my early benefactor, the generous Macdonald, was laird. Oh how the thought of Sky and Taliskar recalled to mind the pleasing days of childhood! How oft we have formed parties, said I to Stratton, to

having, a few hours before, fell in with a galley bound for Ireland, with pilgrims for Lough Derg.

Wrotham appeared not much to regret his loss: on our hinting surprise at his unconcern at what we regarded must in the end be productive of his utter ruin, he replied,—Not much was to be apprehended from falling into the Admiral's power, as he generally returned his captures, though it depended on the humour of the moment whether they were restored nobly replenished, or stripped to a shell; he added, that this was not the first time he had been enslaved by the gallant Ulric, who, considering his avocation was founded on unlimited ravin, had always treated him with the utmost liberality.

The third day came, and we had not yet seen the Commander: this

was accounted for by a Corsair seaman informing Wrotham, who had gained the language so far as to comprehend and be understood, that, in an engagement with a Dane, he had been desperately wounded by a handspike, which had since confined him to his cabin. We interrupted our Captain's sorrowful condolences on the hearing of Ulric's misfortune, by requesting some few particulars concerning a man who, from his profession, we should have thought, incurred universal dread and detestation. Wrotham replied, that he was not a native of Norway, but a Briton, who having accidentally joined the roving hordes, signalized himself by several acts of prowess; and on the death of Siffrid, the former Admiral, was unanimously chosen Chief of the squadron. 'He is,' continued the Captain, 'of the most engaging presence, and converses alike in English, Dutch, Spanish, and Teutonic. He is still in

the prime of manhood. When first I saw him, he had, when occasion offered to display it, a refined delicacy of speech, a winning softness of manner, that failed not to attract general esteem. He has frequently taken ladies of the first rank among his prizes, who were liberated with more regret than they imagined they could have experienced on regaining freedom; but time and association with the unprincipled Clans have worn away that dignified elegance bordering on effeminacy, that was once so eminently his, and substituted in its stead a fierceness far more appropriate to his present calling: that pusillanimity that marked his noviciate is vanished, for when he lays waste the adjacent country, or engages in battle on the seas, there shine forth his brilliant military talents. It is to be lamented, that whatsoever accident drove him from his country in disgust should not, if possible, be re-

moved; for, from the little I have seen of him, I think, if restored again to society, he would confer honour on the most exalted station.'

'He is young, you say,' rejoined Stratton—'if so, every good may be expected. Some youth, at a certain age, maugre all restraint, break thro' every rule of propriety, and even virtue; yet when the mania has reached its climax, by lenient measures they may be decoyed back to the path from which they strayed. But the administering hand must not set about its work with the slothfulness of a day-labourer, or the mind will gradually harden into perversion, which, in the end, produces a total disregard to inward shame or the contempt and strictures of the world. Thus they plod on the residue of their days, wound in a self-spun woof of depraved indifference: cheerless to themselves, and

neglected by those that, though they would gladly snatch youth from the verge of sin and folly, consider it not only officious and unseemly, but lost pains to endeavour the conversion of a man, whose errors have taken deep root, and have been gathering stamina with his years. "Thus far he has travelled through the vale of life," say they—"his race will soon be terminated: he is wrong; but let him continue his own track." If we attempt to enrich a wintry frozen soil, what but disappointment can be our remuneration? But in youth there is the promise that, if the seed is sown, time may bring forth produce.'

Scarce were the words pronounced than we were summoned before Ulric, whoever reviewed his captives previous to their being set on shore. The night before, in a causeless fit of choler, he had ordered Wrotham's ship to be

scuttled; and now purposed to disembark him and his wretched crew on a desolate part of the Irish coast near Carlinford. The mariners having undergone the inspection of the marauding chieftain, the captive Commander was introduced in form. Whilst standing at the door, in wait for our levee to come on, we overheard a voice, half in anger, half a sneer, cry, ‘Wrotham here again! Well! go thy ways: but avoid the Thunderer in future—thou seemst to play with the bolts. Beware! or when next thou strikest to me the forked lightning may perch thy head on the main-top-mast. But, beshrew me for blaming thy inexpertness in not better protecting thy ship! for thou hast increased our store with many an excellent freight!’ The Captain was about to expostulate on the cruel usage he had sustained by the destruction of his vessel; but the other exclaimed, ‘Hence! away!’ The

tones were harsh, broken, and magisterial; and yet they were not new to my ear: I listened with emotion; but remembrance was clouded with dubitation.

Wrotham was dismissed; and we were then announced. There, on a sofa, lay a man reclined, his right arm in a sling, and his left supporting his head. Stratton advanced first—Ulric surveyed him with a silent glance, and gave the signal of freedom. Stratton being returned, I was shewn forward. Assured now that the voice was familiar to me, I ran over his features: but scarce could I form an idea of whether I had ever before seen him—when an exclamation of ‘Gaveston!’ wrought my curiosity to the highest pitch of astonishment. He rose from his recumbent posture, and at a motion of his head the attendants withdrew.

Recal to recollection what he was when I last beheld him—think of the violent alteration his person had undergone by his present calling, and the full persuasion I entertained that he was no more—and it may not appear to thee wondrous, or beyond credibility, when in this piratical chieftain I discovered not the traits of young D'Spencer. Yet it was D'Spencer; who, no longer able to endure the national abhorrence, and that rancorous aversion the Queen had borne him since first he immersed from obscurity, had taken advantage of an accident (which in due time you shall be acquainted with) and which gave rise to the rumour of his death, to fly a country that detested him.

The mind of man, as does his life, undergoes a constant variation from light to shade: the best are not free from vices; the worst have their virtues.

D'Spencer, when he found that I knew not the circumstances that took place at Winchester Castle upon my departure, treated us with a degree of urbanity and affable kindness, the remains of that refined elegance of manners for which he was deservedly ranked the first in Edward's court. But at my shewing a wish to expostulate on his present dishonest course, he haughtily assumed the self-willed despot's brow and voice, and enjoined silence on a subject of which, he said, he alone was competent to judge; adding, that rebuke or admonition were as yet new to his ear. Restored to complacency, he engaged that our effects should be returned to us untouched, and that we should be either set on shore at Carlinford, or proceed with him to England.

He gave us to understand, that, by a merchantman he had lately captured, he learned the English King was about

crossing to France, having been thrice cited by Philip to renew homage for the dominions he held in Normandy. D'Spencer added, that as he was weary of the roving libertine occupation he had thus long devoted himself to, he designed again to return to England, and brave the hurricane of courtly faction, by sheltering in the haven of royal favour.

The ensuing morn Wrotham and his crew were to be disembarked; we had, therefore, but a few hours to deliberate on D'Spencer's proposal. My voyage to the Orkneys was for the present totally laid aside: no call summoned me to Ireland; yet what beneficial change could possibly accrue from again touching English ground? Well aware that reliance was not to be placed on the smiles of a man who acted rather from humour than principle, and that we were in momentary

hazard of even life whilst subject to D'Spencer's caprice, I accepted his offer of landing us, with Wrotham, at Carlinford, and then left him for our cabin, which was only divided from his by a thin partition.

Stratton, oppressed with fatigue, sunk down to sleep; but the hand of sorrow, that had hovered o'er my pillow since my beloved Emma's loss, now chased the salutary exhilarator, and perforce kept my weary eyes from closing.

It was the eleventh hour when I overheard D'Spencer say, not in the soothing cadence of his natural voice, but in the authoritative tones of Ulric, 'Send Gothrorpe hither.' A short silence ensued, and the door again opened. Some one entered. 'Maltravers,' continued D'Spencer, 'knowest thou whom we have taken in our last

size: didst thou not see him? 'Tis the Earl of Cornwall.' 'And who the other?' demanded Maltravers. 'I know not,' replied he—'but I have promised to land them, with their domestics, at Carlinford.' 'Carlinford!' exclaimed Maltravers, 'what think you of? Wrotham and his mates have been sent off in a boat these four hours, and we are now standing for Harleigh.' Here the voices fell to an indistinct murmur. 'Is it then expedient,' said D'Spencer, 'to suffer him to escape me on any provision? I say it not, besides what you have started, in some measure defeat my design of reinstatement in Edward's notice? Here, in this insular castle, I am supreme director of freedom, life, pains, and death; and can, as emergency demands, apply either.' The sounds again, for some time, became wholly unintelligible.

‘Ee it so,’ said D’Spenker. ‘Then,’ returned Maltravers, ‘in less than twenty minutes, though now wide in St. George’s Channel, I will unshackle your mind from further solicitude, and yet not employ death either. No—our consciences shall not wear the stain of murder. Confide in me.’

I heard no more : but springing from my bed, ran in haste to awaken Stratton. Ere he could shake off the slumbering fillet that bound his eyes and faculties, a body of mariners burst into our room, led by Gothrorpe, disguised so much like a Norwegian, that had I not been convinced by the foregoing conversation between him and D’Spenker that it was Maltravers, I should have regarded him with the same indifference as did Stratton. We were ordered upon deck, where several of the seamen were employed

in hoisting a small boat over the ship's side. I comprehended their dreadful intent, and earnestly begged of Gothrorpe that I might be permitted to see Ulric, if but for an instant. This request was refused with brutal threats, and we were ordered, pursuant to their Commander's directions, to quit the vessel.

Eustace and David were haled from below; and on the appalling doom being communicated to them, the former, with piercing shrieks, fell on his knees; imploring Gothrorpe's mercy, who, at length, suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and consented to retain Eustace on board; but as he would be encumbered with no walking colossals, he desired David to share our fate in the fragile pinnace, or undergo a speedy immersion. Of no avail were his piteous cries, the intercessions of

one part of the mariners, and our eager expostulations; we were driven by the lance's point into the boat, divested of sail, oars, or covering. The night was dark, the air keen, and the water much ruffled; but as these were intended as the instruments of death, what ear could be given to our representations from the inhuman premeditated destroyer.

Deaf to our entreaties, he ordered the boat to be pushed off, and, in the tremendous state I have described, we were turned adrift midway in the Channel, where not a speck of land appeared. Whilst moving round the helm, some weighty substance was thrown into the boat from aloft; what form it bore darkness prevented our distinguishing; but David, exasperated to the height of wrathful despair, conceiving that it was launched from a fiend-like arm, with purpose to end

our miseries before they began, by sinking us, sent forth a volley of reviling epithets at the barbarous unknown, whom he the instant after loaded with thankful blessings, on discovering, by the touch, that the before ungracious present was a loaf of bread, and a large stone bottle : round both were fastened lines, by which they had been swung to our relief from the hand of charity.

With the ship sailed every remaining spark of hope ; the lights at the vessel's mast disappeared, and the white-streaked horizon looked like the silver edges of an inverted ebon cup, embracing the surface of the murky waters on which we rolled, wrecked, desolate, and abandoned. I yet had hold of Stratton's hand, whereby he had assisted me in descending the ship's side. But silence best painted the anguish of our souls. David, ever luckless David!

breathed such hoarse rattling moans as if he wished to split the sable concave shut around us, thus to gain a view of light; he invoked every angel above, and execrated the foul demons of darkness. We next were the objects of his bitter ire; for, by our not having paid more heed to his boding dream of the unseemly bird, and the mysterious warning given to us by his courser, we had been brought thus to infallible destruction. The weeping mourner received what alone we had to impart, every soothing consolation that pity prompted; but fruitless were our endeavours at appeasing him, his fearful imagination created legions of phantoms in every ghastly shape, and then shrunk, terror-struck, from her own work. In trimming the bark he balanced both Stratton and me, but a frantic stamp of his foot frequently overweighed us to such a hazardous degree, that with as much sternness of voice as unintention in my

art, on seeing no persuasions could
back his violence, I threatened him
th being thrown over, did he not de-
: from these wearying and perilous
vements.

The wind, sharply cold, gradually
creased, and until Stratton started
: idea of making use of our hats for
s, we did little more than incline to
d fro; these were wretched substi-
es; but, with vigorous plying, we
uck the surface of the deep in con-
d, and made more progress. A
nre dawn but served to shew the
rors to which we were exposed, the
st was that of being overwhelmed in
: briny flood; for now drought and
nger pressed—we had trifled long
th both, but nature required a recruit,
d we partook scantily of what, at
y other time, would have been but a
oderate repast for one man.

Excess of fatigue, joined to acute despondency, compelled me to relinquish my employ. David sat by, immersed in silent grief; but Stratton remained unconquered, he was still communicative, and even cheerful: of the little food he had as yet scarce touched, saying, with a smile, that as he had often, when surrounded by profusion, looked forward to this hour, he had brought himself, by voluntary forbearance, to that point of moderation that he suffered not the least inconvenience; still he strove to raise our sunken spirits with hopes of land, but vain were all his magnanimous remonstrances and pious supplications for divine aid. The sun left us to light the nether hemisphere, and we were still but balancing from side to side; the mists of evening gathered thick above, and reflecting downwards on the broad expanse, gave it a black and mournful hue; bulky clouds arose from

every point of the firmamental arch, and uniting their force, let fall a deluge; the sweeping blast, howling over the main, dashed us onward, and it was with incredible exertions that we kept emptying the boat of the waters Heaven poured upon us, augmented by the intrusion of the fermented waves. David, to whom every ignoble or worthy sentiment vanished before self-preservation, had half devoured our slender stock of provisions; and now, as he dashed out the water with his high-crowned bonnet, he bewailed, with moaning reproaches, his own folly in trusting himself with us, and our wilful disregard to every sacred token that Providence had given to deter us from this voyage.

The day passed; and earth's sabbath overtook us wavering still in the same terrific state; fainting through fatigue, perished with the cold; covered with

the feathered rain, shivering in drenched garments, and mad for a sufficiency of food, we spent the lingering hours, each manifesting his inward sufferings as more or less affected.

The golden-haired Aurora again opened the burnished portals of the morn; the beams of the ascending sun glittered with sparkling radiance on the bosom of the ocean, and confirmed us in the apprehensions we had entertained during the night, that we were still far, far from land; our exhausted frames and parched throats demanding sustenance and moisture, Stratton sought the remains of the fresh water and the bread we had left at our last repast, but though placed away by him with the utmost precaution, unsuccessful were his researches to find it. Self-love is the first consideration in how many a breast! the most poignant pangs accrued to us from this cruel de-

privation, yet no blame could be attached to David, who, on our enquiring of him, still had sufficient grace firmly to assert he knew not what had caused the sudden disappearing of the precious fragments.

What words can express the agonizing torture of extreme thirst! I panted in rending throes, my bosom burned with internal lightless flames, and the blasted skin peeled in crisped rolls from my blistered lips. Stratton beheld with tearful sympathy the pangs I felt, and directed me in haste to strip and lay down at my length in the boat; this done, David, by his instructions, poured water over me, until it laved the surface of my body, whilst he, leaning over the side of the bark, watched when to desist, lest that the one element should preponderate the other, and at a moment engulf us. Thus I lay for the space of half an hour; but

when I rose, the effects of this bath were instantaneous; from a scorched and raging thirst my whole temperament became cool, invigorated, and refreshed. On my report of the miraculous benefits I had received, Stratton and David underwent the operation, and experienced equally the renovating charm. This was not a time to require explanations. I asked not how this salutary change was wrought; but at a future period Stratton informed me that the body drank externally; the minuteness of the pores, though it served to perform suction, excluded the saline particles, and the salubrious element alone was filtered through the skin.

The sky again became overcast, the atmosphere was clogged with sluggish snow, the wind blew in convulsive peals, our limbs were nearly frost-nipt, whilst that the pangs of thirst

scorched internally, for the above immersion gave but a temporary relief. Stratton recommended us to fix our thoughts on Heaven; then totally subdued by the compression of anguish, in so long having been deprived of every vital nourishment excepting air, he dropt his head on the edge of the boat, and seemed the deserted casket of a soaring spirit; our poor companion, his heart withered with despair, kept concert with the furious roaring of Eolus, by boisterous sobs and yelling lamentations; but the sad and hollow murmurs which his expiring voice fell to, were shortly silenced, and he sunk in torpor. Speech had been long debarred me; D'Spencer and Maltravers haunted my mind; and whilst I gazed at the hapless victims of their accursed policy, I could not refrain from invoking on them the severest maledictions.

The billows, tossed by the whirlwind, hoisted us far aloft; the water, unresisted, rushed into the bark. I attempted to stir, but the vital flood was fast congealing, and forbid the smallest motion. Death hovered over us, scattering from his sooty wings the morbid influence. Thus we were doomed to perish in our prime; yet if the cup of life is bitter, better it is but to taste it, than drink to the dregs.

Now the tempestuous blast vociferated destruction, and, swinging the boat across the main for many a yard, dashed it against some stupendous substance. But at that awful instant the organs of life ceased to play, every faculty being hardened to insensibility.

CHAP. IV.

A FUNERAL VAULT.

WILL it not appear to you the height of fiction, if you are told that when ruin threw open such variety of doors to receive us, we yet vanquished the assailing foes that thrust us forward, and regained the shores of life. Full against the broad ribs of a vessel bound from Dublin to Londonderry our fragile boat was thrown, by which concussion she flew into planks, leaving our inanimate bodies floating on the surface of the deep. The mariners on board in haste rescued us at the moment of sinking; but conceiving that we were totally bereft of life, again they would have re-plunged us but for the heaven-sent

interposition of a friend; this friend was Hubert, Lord Winchester's good and benevolent physician, then on his way from the English Court to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Of the three sufferers, Stratton recovered first in mind and body; my senses were next re-established, but David lingered long in misery, his limbs being frost-nipt.

The mention of what methought would have filled Hubert with amazement, excited not the smallest, and his wonder seemed more to be roused by the knowledge of D'Spencer's present calling, than that he was still alive; but the following account of the transactions that took place at Winchester Castle on my precipitate retreat, solved every past enigma, by unveiling events hitherto wrapt in mystery.

Lancaster and myself, you may call to mind, were engaged in the room converted by the elder D'Spencer to Montford's confinement, when Edward's approach to the Castle was announced by martial music. Young D'Spencer, on his arrival at the domain, quitted the royal retinue, and retired with Maltravers to an adjoining apartment, where having recourse to the villainous means of listening, they overheard the substance of the latter part of our discourse relative to Lancaster's emancipation. Thus furnished with a clue to accomplish their purpose, they adjourned to a more distant chamber, and opened their plan of operations; but by a remarkable coincidence of circumstances, Brownlow, the Earl's confidential domestic, being then in the wardroom, far from intentionally, overheard every syllable of their converse. This was a scheme whereby no impediment was

to be put to Lancaster's escape, who, from the peculiarity of his situation, lying at the time under attainder, would infallibly be retaken; but I, suffering under no such predicament, a net doubly strong was necessary to enmesh me; many were the motives that rendered me a blot in the sight of D'Spencer, and deep was the rancour planted in his heart against me. Whilst I lived, Edward's partiality to himself remained on but a slender basis; when we met, scornful words, or anger-darting eyes, kept up continual warfare, he looked not for overtures of conciliation from me; pride prevented his tendering the amicable hand; he hated, he envied me, and the only means he could fix on to banish both was by my death.

Thus resolved, he began his wily machinations by impeding my progress when on the point of joining Lancas-

ter; then, to colour his infamous purpose, he delivered to me the fraudulent bond, whereby he restored to me my birth-right, by making over to me the manor of Clenville. You may remember, previous to the banquet, the Earl of Winchester, in the voice of distrust, cautioned me against treason; it was but conjecture in him, for he was far from suspecting that his fears were realized, and that at the instant, the assassin's unsheathed blade waited to bury itself in my breast. Maltravers, without hesitation, engaged to accomplish the deed, but on D'Spencer's proposing to him to take a friend, should the attempt prove ineffectual, he refused, saying, he detested accomplices, for that the ghost of one or other generally trod on the heels of the murdered. The delusive paper intimating doubts of Montford's safety, was written by Maltravers, and given by him to a domestic, who brought it to me at

the close of the banquet, saying, as he had been informed, that a peasant desired to speak with me at the front entrance. On D'Spencer's falling into contest with the prelate of Hereford, I made to the great landing, and was there arrested in my flight by Brownlow, who thus snatched me from the meditated stroke, for at the foot of the marble staircase, darkened for the purpose, there stood Maltravers prepared to receive me with the rapier's point.

D'Spencer concluding by the lapse of space, that the blow was given, rose from the table, and as he had preconcerted with his agent, went forth to join Maltravers. The distraction of his brain, heated with wine, together with the dismay occasioned by the idea of the crime committed, totally obliterated the recollection that he was to give his own name as a signal, and running down the flight of steps in

silence, Maltravers imagining it to be me, stabbed him, as he passed, full in the breast. The murderer fled not, but as it had been settled between him and his employer, waited in expectation for the coming of D'Spencer.

Edward, who at periods of social conviviality, threw off the fetters of restraint and decorum, and whose intellects were now clouded by the fumes of inebriety, left his seat and followed the fugitive, to bring him back to the board. As Maltravers attacked D'Spencer in lieu of me, he now concluded the King to be his employer; this was the more confirmed by Edward himself giving the signal in calling aloud 'D'Spencer!' 'I have dispatched him,' was the homicide's reply. At the moment the saloon doors burst open, and many of the nobles, in boisterous clamour, rushed down with lights, shouting and laughing, to seek the

King and their young host. Picture their astonishment on beholding Maltravers with a drawn poniard standing over the bleeding corpse of England's favourite, and Edward himself near, hanging across the balustrade, unable to proceed from a convulsive flow of laughter.

Maltravers comprehended not the dreadful error he had made until too late for retreat; but had not appearances marked his guilt, his words to Edward convicted him beyond redemption. It is needless to describe the silent anguish of the Earl, D'Spencer's father, the frantic ravings of the King, or the observations of those to whom the riddance of the country's enslaver was a matter productive of no great degree of sorrow.

Brownlow imagining that no mischief could befall any other individual,

if I, by his cautioning me against it, escaped the snare, the domestics being prohibited that passage, designed to see me to Verrel's cottage; but on the hearing the groan, which indicated that a victim was sacrificed by the arm I had avoided, he quitted me, and ran to the fatal spot: comprehending that it was D'Spencer who had fell, and had thus perished by his own arts, he repaired to Hubert, and related to him the foregoing proceedings. Hubert, from his soul abhorring the iniquitous part the deceased had taken, was reluctantly compelled to inspect the body; but on discovering that life was not yet extinct, he determined to inflict a memorable punishment on the base assassins, and to this intent he confirmed the general opinion of D'Spencer's soul being past recal.

Ere they removed the supposed corpse to the vault beneath the chapel,

there to lie until the proper period for interment, he poured a powerful cordial down D'Spencer's throat, the effects of which he knew, after a few hours apparent death, would restore suspended animation.

Fear is a close attendant upon guilt. Edward had ordered, previous to his departure for London with his Peers, that Maltravers should be confined the remainder of the night in the funeral vault, and the next day sent to the county prison. Hubert resigned the wretched villain to the well-merited pains of extreme terror, but with Brownlow concealed himself behind the sable hangings, ready to administer restoratives to D'Spencer, and assist the struggles of nature.

Maltravers, notwithstanding his prayers to be heard, was chained to one corner of the vault, in the centre

whereof, wrapt in a black shroud, lay D'Spencer, stretched on a sable bier; the glimmering rays of a lamp, clouded by the hanging vapours, added to the surrounding horrors, the coffins on stands lined the walls, some of them were still entire, others mouldering to earth; here lay a pile of human bones, there whole skeletons measured the floor, and from the arched roof were suspended the arms, tattered banners, and escutcheons. In Maltravers's perturbed fancy, the murdered started from its couch, and every fleshless bone rose in menace against him. The chapel bell tolled for matins, midnight phantoms seemed now to glide before his closed eyes; he muffled his face in the folds of his robe, but again plucked it away on hearing a deep-sent sigh; the bier creaked, the corpse moved, a second groan followed, and a stream of blood gushed vio-

lently from the orifice on the breast, the mouth, and the nostrils of the supposed dead, who, thus relieved, gained sufficient strength to raise himself on his arm; by gradual exertions he opened his feeble eyes, and from the mouldering piles of decaying mortality distinguished Maltravers, who, aghast, and half expiring with horror, fixed his blasted sight on what he took to be a miracle, and sent forth cries that pierced the arched roof, and echoed in terrific sounds through the vaulted corridors.

The Earl of Winchester, who, mottins over, alone remained in the chapel, recommending to its merciful Creator the soul of his departed son, heard the shrieks; trembling with affright, he hastily descended to the sepulchre, and throwing open the massy gates, appeared at the entrance with a torch.

Brownlow and Hubert came from their lurking place to calm his agitation, and prepare him for what was next to happen; but Maltravers, in the violence of desperate passions, wrenched his chains from the staple that held him to the wall, and darting forwards, fell senseless at the Earl's feet.

Winchester, convinced of the reality of his son's returning existence, by the help of his two friends, conveyed him, unseen, to a private apartment. Here Hubert opened to the Earl his design in having thus acted, and reasoned with him on the benefits that might accrue from not contradicting as yet the rumour of D'Spencer's death, in that it might be the means of softening the minds of the disaffected Barons towards him, and causing them to return to their allegiance to the Monarch. The father, wholly averse to his again brav-

ing the threats of a host of enemies, readily acknowledged the happy policy of the thought; as did D'Spencer, who considered a temporary seclusion but as an eclipse from which he would hereafter emerge, and blaze with greater lustre. The knowledge of his renovation, or rather resurrection, was confined to Hubert, Brownlow, Maltravers, and his father; they each swore never to divulge the secret, and when re-established in his health, he departed from England with Maltravers, who readily obtained D'Spencer's pardon, the blow having been given but in obedience to his own fell command.

On the ensuing morn, the funeral of the murdered D'Spencer was performed with every magnificence of pomp; the pure marble was sullied with the impression of flattering falsehoods, and a stately mausoleum was erected over an empty grave.

This was a brief account of a circumstance from which originated the rumour of the termination of D'Spencer's career. Thus did Providence preserve me from the toils of perfidy, and let their own premeditated villainy fall on the guileful.

Again, to recur to affairs that at this time engaged the attention of the political world, Edward, too late bewailing the unhappy procedure that had hurried his kinsman, Lord Lancaster, to a lamentable end, and convinced that over his offences should have been thrown the veil of palliation, since that he had surrendered to him in lowly submission, and thrown himself on proffered mercy, vent his ire on those composing the court that sat in judgment on the illustrious prisoner. Earl Mortimer had not only been particularly remarked for cruelty of usage and throwing out vindictive sarcasms on the

shackled Montford, but whispers now began to circulate, with what degree of reason was doubtful, that the accusations he brought against him were more the effects of rancour and prejudice, than honest eagerness in the cause of equity. The King resigning his ear to the aspersions blackening a character he had cogent reasons to dislike, and stimulated by the urgent prayers of Mortimer's numerous enemies, conquered the terrors he lay under from Isabel's dominion over him, and ordered the Earl into custody, until proofs could be obtained that the charges he had adduced against Montford were founded on truth and impartiality.

This unexpected shock fell most heavily on the Queen, who had long meditated on having recourse to France for aid, in an endeavour at the expulsion of the D'Spencers from the king-

dom; the rumoured death of the younger, in some measure, damped her design; but this sudden procedure against Mortimer instilled the poison of resentment into her perverted heart, and she inwardly vowed never to suppress it until she had avenged the obloquy cast upon her gallant knight by the slighted husband.

Under the specious pretence of granting the honour of her presence at the ceremonial of christening the new-born prince of France, she set sail for the Continent, with every ostentatious appendage that luxury could devise, to irradiate the introduction of this vain immoral consequential piece of royalty to a foreign court; the expences of the fleet fitted out for her conveyance were shortly after defrayed by a heavy impost on the British subjects.

The people's hearts were alienated from their Sovereign the instant of his accession, though the supineness of bigotted zeal restrained every indignant emotion at the numberless instances of the Crown's despotic power; but at this last wanton insult on their forbearance, reason forcibly plucked away the mask superstition held before their eyes, and led them to think on measures that, in the end, drove the Sovereign from a throne his errors had disgraced.

Mortimer had been captive ten days when young D'Spencer, (as I conclude from given periods, shortly after his inhuman treatment of me and my companions) landed on the English coast, and went straight for London. Here he arrived the day Edward had convened his parliament to debate on the expediency of his quitting the realm, to do homage for his Gallic

dominions, as required by Philip. D'Spencer, before determined on revealing himself to his royal friend, now resolved, if within his power, to prevent him from proceeding to where Isabel reigned supreme, and for this purpose entered the august council, and, in the presence of the mightiest of his foes, disclosed himself as the abhorred favourite of England's monarch. Scarce noticing the astonishment and dismay he had scattered in every breast, he gave it as his firm opinion that ere his Highness hazarded his sacred person among his natural enemies, Britain should be invaded at every port.

Thus did the fantastic breath of a selfish individual, when abetted by kingly prepossession, blow away the fruits of the deep, wary, and sedulous deliberations of experience, the Barons being averse to a rupture with

France at a juncture when intestine broils threatened speedily to recommence. D'Spencer followed his triumph by claiming indemnification for the countless acts of plunder and outrage committed on his domains by parties of the discontented nobles and their adherents, during his exile. All this, and much more, was granted by his blinded prince; and the next day he was confirmed in the barony of Gloucester, with which he had been invested some years back.

Mortimer, by means of mixing opium in the cups from which his guards tasted his liberality on the anniversary of the Queen's birth, escaped from durance, and fled to France. Here, by his exertions, the evil that menaced Britain from the exasperated spirit of Philip was averted, by his inspiring Isabel with the thought of demanding of the English King to send England's

heir, young Edward of Windsor, as his proxy. In conformity to this requisition, the Prince, under conduct of his preceptor, arrived at Paris, and took the oath of fealty in his father's name. The appointed time elapsed, Edward demanded their return; but, in defiance of every denunciation of war, and anathemas from England and the Roman Pontiff, France detained his sister, and betrothed her son to Philippa of Hainault, at Valenciennes.

This was, in brief, the intelligence communicated to me by Hubert, who shortly after left us to continue his route towards Londonderry. My mind rested invariably on the recovery of Blanche, yet I confess that these successive impediments to my perseverance in my undertaking, somewhat dispirited the ardour with which I began it, and I was not far from renouncing the hope of ever hearing tidings of

her. We were within a few leagues distance of St. Urban's. If yet she lived, these Hibernian lands were hers; if not, by Montford's will, they devolved to me; and I was persuaded by Stratton, ere I again resumed my search for the long lost Blanche, to examine into the present state of this once splendid demesne.


It had in the reign of the Confessor been a monastery, occupied by friars of the order of St. Francis; but since the secession of it by Stephen to the Montfords, at various periods it had undergone considerable alterations, and in the present state, the interior of the building displayed the lowering gloom of an abbey; whilst without, we beheld every martial precaution that shewed it to the view a magnificent and impregnable fortress. Here were embattled cloisters, entrenched chapels,

cemeteries surmounted by ramparts, and fortified refectories.

This noble pile of antique architecture, situated on the extreme verge of the Deucalionian Sea, within four miles of that miracle of nature, the Giant's Pillars, for extent, grandeur, and sublimity, far exceeded the ideas I had formed of it. -

The present inhabitants were the remains of Ferdinand of Waldon's retinue, brought with him from England. This Chevalier, of Portugese extraction, deputed by Thomas of Lancaster to the Government of St. Urban's, during the rebellious insurrections of the natives, died here; and since that period, the estate being much neglected by my friend Montford, M'Mahon, a descendant of the King of that name, had usurped the dominion.

On my claiming it in right of Blanche de Montford, he resigned the sway he had hitherto exercised, and retired to the grief of those that resided in the Abbey and its annexed hamlets, who had enjoyed under his reign of peace the full delights of plenty, ease, and perfect freedom. They added tears of anxiety to my request for his stay, as long as inclination prompted him; but, with the sullen haughtiness of an aspiring soul, M'Mahon disdained dependance on the man whom he considered as the usurper of his native fields, and left the castle the same hour, professing that the bent of his mind was rather to govern a hovel than be subservient in a palace. Those whom I had no power to detain, accompanied him; but as the vassals regardant by law appertained to whomsoever lorded the manor, I made it my study to gain their confi-



dence and conciliate their esteem. In this there was not much difficulty; at first they were surly as lions to their keepers; but soon the artless generosity of their untutored minds expanded to gratitude and liberality, for good received. The foremost to capitulate was Roland, a man of middle age, who, since the time of Waldon, had been chief gardener, and to whose skilful hand was owing the high perfection in botany and horticulture that the adjacent grounds then displayed.

By him we were acquainted with a circumstance that was not generally known. In our rambles through the building, chancing to stop at the gate of a tower, built of the sable white-veined marble, dug from the quarries of Kilkenny, we enquired to what use it had been appropriated? He replied, it was the Abbey prison. This fortress, when under the rule of Waldon,

was converted into a receptacle for prisoners of war. 'Many a wretch,' said Roland, 'denounced as inimical to the measures of the English Court, were dragged within these walls, (pointing to the tower) from whence they never departed, dead or alive. But the inhuman traffic, for the victims were purchased, and dearly too, was chiefly carried on during the prosecution of the Welch and Scottish wars with England, or in the sanguinary times of proscription.'

Here we were informed by David Powdras, that the repast awaited our coming, and we returned to the Hall, desiring Roland to follow, and impart what else he knew concerning the transactions that occurred during Waldon's exercise of authority at St. Urban's. To my interrogation of whether he knew the names or rank of any that had been brought captives

to the Abbey? he replied, that he did not—but that in the prison was kept a parchment, on which was registered the names and qualities of all those that had suffered within its precincts. The last, he said, that had been conveyed hither, he had heard from his father, who served as falconer to Waldon, was a female of illustrious birth, brought to the castle by a ferocious band composing the swarms of English soldiery, then scouring Europe, to bring to condemnation those who had, either through disgust or fear at the late severe denunciations issued against them, emigrated the country.

‘The Portuguese Governor, in compassion to her tender sex, peculiar majesty of person, and all-subduing mildness of disposition, treated her on her arrival with the utmost deference and respect; but this lenity coming to the knowledge of the Court, he re-

ceived a sharp rebuke, accompanied by threats, that if the mandate therewith sent was not instantly complied with, he must to England, to answer certain accusations. A slave to his desires for wordly exaltation, he hushed the whisperings of conscience, and deaf to the cries of the fair, the mourning innocent, he immured her in a space that had been the charnel-house of many a hundred before her; and the next day quitted Ireland, on receiving dispatches from the first Edward, requiring his immediate attendance in London, thoughtlessly taking with him the keys of the portal that shut the hapless victim from air, from light, from the world.

‘ Through slothful inertitude, or to whatever unhappy cause it was to be imputed, those left behind neglected sending after the Governor for the keys, and delayed the forcing the

door until it was too late. On bursting open the iron padlocks, and wrenching away the massy bars, there, at the entrance, lay the form of the famished prisoner. Waldon, on his route to England, recollecting the fatal error he had committed, straightway turned back, and reached St. Urban's at the moment of exposing the emaciated corpse to general inspection. Her death warrant had long been signed: Waldon alone had procrastinated the stroke. He intended that, after a short solitary confinement, she should meet it: but the reflection of the pangs she had unnecessarily gone through from his guilty remissness, made such an impression of mingled dread and remorse on his mind, that he never after thoroughly recovered the use of his faculties. On removing the planks that covered a cavity in the corner of the tower, sunk many fathoms deep, (the common

grave for every butchered victim that perished in this den of slaughter) they deposited the deceased; and since that memorable æra the door has never turned upon its hinges.

‘The report runs,’ added Roland, smiling, ‘that, at certain intervals, groans and bitter wailings are heard within the tower; lights, flitting forms, specks of blood, and severed limbs are seen without.’

He concluded his recital by running over the variety of marvellous tales current among the vulgar, to whom such an incident might naturally be supposed to afford full subject for annotations and embellishment.

On Stratton’s asking, did they not know her rank—her country—her crime? Roland replied, ‘that the secret was confined to Waldon; but

that if we chose to brave the myriads of spirits that had taken up their residence in the tower for so many years, we might inspect the parchment on which the names were written, the ill-fated woman above-mentioned being the last on the dreadful roll.

‘With this female,’ added Roland, ‘was brought captive a man, that seemed to her an humble but zealous friend. Waldon, as some expiation for his crime, changed his sentence of death into perpetual imprisonment. Pursuant to this decree, years he languished in captivity, until released by Waldon’s successor to the government, who likewise granted him leave to depart the island; but fondly attached to the memory of the unhappy sufferer, as she was no more, every spot was to him immaterial, and he craved permission to take up his future abode among the peasantry of St. Urban’s.

‘ He is still alive,’ continued Roland, ‘ but has ever preserved the most inviolable silence as to the rank of the lady, or in what shape they had incurred the displeasure of the English rulers. Far sunk in years, his sight hath long forsook him; his other senses are nearly faded; and depending upon the benevolence of his neighbours for assistance in domestic offices, he passes for a native, and lives in a small hovel near the chapel-wall, by the assumed name of Menare.’

I would have proposed the visiting him, but Stratton’s impatience leading him to a wish to see the prison, I complied.

CHAP. V.

THE FATAL RECORD. §.

ATTEENDED by Roland and David Powdras, who had listened to the foregoing account with open mouth and raised hands, often interrupting it by monosyllables expressive of horror and amazement, we made towards the court wherein stood the prison. Here we were joined by many of the vassals and domestics, who never passing the building without awe and terror, were yet anxious to see the door opened, and learn what foul-faced fiends, sprites, and goblins occupied the dreary walls, and broke the solemn stilness of night by howling moans.

The noxious poisoning vapours, so long pent up in the narrow confines,

on shaking the portal, stubborn with rust, burst out at the aperture, and caused our precipitate retreat. We entered. It was a square of fifteen feet by twelve: the walls were hung with moss; weeds grew from the cement; a drizzly moisture trickled along the ground, and not a ray of light pierced the gloom. Stratton, after a long search, succeeded in finding the parchment mentioned by Roland. It was concealed behind a small armoury, filled with numerous instruments of torture. The flame of the brands being unsteady, we repaired to a pavilion near the tower; and Stratton, unfurling the schedule, prepared to proclaim the names of those hapless beings sacrificed to British tyranny.

Much of the writing was unintelligible, through time, damp, and decay. These were some of the titles he rescued from oblivion:—Nugent, a

descendant of the Princes of Meath; O'Chaderie, grandson to the King of Uriel; Guy, Earl of Errol, a partizan of the Scottish Bruce; Maud, sister to John Baliol the younger; Farlan and Romer, Welch soldiers, taken at the battle of Monmouth; Alexander Darnley; Sebastian and Emanuel Zavior, brothers, natives of Portugal; Conrad Bruckner, Mechel Glareanus, and Werner Osterwald, Helvetians; three men at arms, made prisoners by Sir Hugh De Cressingham, at the siege of Roxborough, A. D. 1296.

Stratton came now to the close of the fatal scrawl, wound up by the name of the above unfortunate female. He hastily brushed away a few particles of moss that defaced the first letters: he closely examined the characters—the record trembled in his hand—the colour fled his cheek—convulsions fastened upon his limbs • he strove to ar-

ticulate—he did; his lips faintly pronounced—Eleanor, daughter to Simon de Montford, and wife to Llewellyn, the last of the Welch Princes, taken by Walter of Effingham, in the vale of Lawdir, betwixt the mountains of Carlow and Snowden, Wales.”

Truth flashed instantaneously to my comprehension. I ordered the place to be cleared; and as words would have been as feeble as nugatory, and the presence of a second person but constraint, I also withdrew into a separate apartment until the spirit of his first emotions was in part evaporated.

Thus then did the gentle Eleanor perish! She expired not as she lived—a phoenix; but was reserved to be the sport of a tyrant more absolute and bent to ill than the ruler of Pandæmonium. A tender mother, ambitious only for the happiness of her son: that

son, who, next to the Deity, paid her his adorations, and in his heart worshipped her—separated from all she held dear; her retreat betrayed by prying lurkers, violated by ruffians, ravaged with fire; her much-valued companion, Constantia, inhumanly put to death, and herself borne like a condemned criminal across the seas, entombed still living, left to wither and fall for lack of sustenance; and, to conclude the piteous scene, her breathless form, that merited canonization, precipitated adown a gulph, there to blend with wasting mortality. How must this man, thought I, execrate the very name of Plantagenet—the ruthless race that has thus swept, with remorseless cruelty, his every loved tie from the earth! How must his heart swell against even the mention of England; that scourge of his kindred—that merciless bane to every social affection!

I dreaded the sight of Stratton; yet, as with propriety I could no longer remain away, I re entered the pavilion. He was still intent on the scroll; but scarce was the smallest alteration visible in his countenance: it had re-assumed its natural complacency, and he smiled at my approach. The enthusiasm of my mind made me shudder at what I regarded a callous insensibility; and this apparent stoicism rather excited in me disgust than admiration. But when the warmth of romantic flights cooled; could I, methought, expect from Stratton swoonings, weeping, and tears, as from a baby girl, or frenetic ravings and passionate gesticulations, as had been used by Lancaster and myself? I felt the comparison; and, in the end, acknowledged that this shew of fortitude was not want of feeling, but sprung from an unfeigned resignation to the Divine will. He thanked me for retiring, and added, that he was

again himself; though an accumulation of misery, much more than he was till this moment aware of, had been heaped on his revered mother, yet that she now enjoyed thrice a plenitude of joy in the beatitude of Heaven.

On his expressing a desire to see Menare, the venerable cottager, I ordered Roland to conduct us to his habitation. Arrived at the humble dwelling, we entered. The walls, once white, were now, by smoke, of the blackest hue; the earth, jagged and painful to the tread, was scattered with dried rushes; the door alone admitted light—that shut, but for the enflamed turf all was obscurity.

Seated on a low bench, cloathed in a wrapper, the texture of the coarsest, the colour undistinguishable, we beheld he that was once the valiant, noble, wealthy Lionel!—the pride of

Monmouth's Court, the favoured of Llewellyn—now the friendless, decrepid, shunned object of charity! Poor blind Menare! neglected locks of dusky whiteness swept his aged breast; his complexion, by time and the constant embracings of a sulphureous atmosphere, was of the sallowest cast; a feeble cough convulsed his frame, and his only employ rested on mechanically rousing with his staff the embers that illumined the hearth.

We seated ourselves opposite to him. Silence ensued—broken shortly after by Stratton. 'This is he,' said my friend, gazing attentively at the personage before us—'this is he whom, on looking back not many years, I behold in the full vigour and prime of strength and intellect—he that could grapple with the brindled wolf, outrun the doe in swiftness, stay the rapid flight of the ravenous hawk, tame the

bounding steed, and buffet the rolling surge!—this is he that was the guardian of my infancy, and what more endears you to my heart—you, Lionel, were the sole protector of my mother !’

Tenderness and fortitude together reigned in Stratton’s breast, and at Nature’s voice alone the one resigned unlimited empire to the other. He knelt at Menare’s feet. ‘Lionel !’ said he, in faltering accents, taking the shrivelled hand, and fixing his eyes on those of his venerable friend—‘if yet memory has not utterly forsaken thee, can the sounds of Eleanor and Godfrey impart a ray of pleasure ?’ Wholly inanimate he sat, till at length he put forth his hand to feel what pressed his knee. ‘Is the name of Constantia too fled thy remembrance ?’ asked Stratton. After a pause, he turned his head towards the voice, repeating, in

childish tones, 'I had a wife of that name.'

Convinced that this debility of mind proceeded more from failure in exertion of his remaining faculties, through incessant solitude, than natural decay, I approached, and by repeated interrogations of—'No recollection of the vale of Lawdir, at the foot of Snowden—the Princess Eleanor—your Lord Llewellyn—young Godfrey—your wife Constantia?' I strove to awake his comprehension, which, we perceived, by its gradual return, had rather slept than perished. Faintly understanding the truth, he laid his hand on Stratton's head, murmuring, 'Bless you!—bless you!'

The following recital, which he gave us many days from this period, I will now communicate; then hasten to the relation of what happened

the night of this, our first interview with Menare.

On the morn of Godfrey's quitting Lawdir to visit Selmer Mount, Eleanor having given him the fruit, with her parting hopes to see him by set of sun, returned to her avocations in the garden with Constantia ; till retiring from the heat of the vertical beam, they took to their looms within the cottage. Thus, whilst amused by Lionel's accustomed account of his peregrinations through Europe, the hours fled unminded.

Eleanor towards eve, impatient for her son's return, quitted her occupation, and strolled to the garden gate, on which she hung, her sight fixed on the dark summit of the opposite mount. The sun departed, and no Godfrey appeared. He had never be-

fore lingered beyond the time appointed; her heart throbbing with perturbation, she opened the gate, and crossed the valley. Lionel, come from penning the flocks, beheld, and skimming over the plain, joined her.

On her communicating her fears, he strove to allay them, and imparted his intention, when he had foddered the cattle, to go towards Selmer and meet Godfrey; he then left her to fulfil the indispensable duties of the day, whilst the anxious mother, conscious of the pleasure the sounds gave her son, struck on her lute as ascending the side of Carlow, that if within hearing the well known strains might enliven him on his way. The radiance of the rising moon making that part of the landscape, its rays fell not on, more obscure, the brow of the hill appeared a perfect sable, and Eleanor distinguish-

ed, ascending the ...
human figure ...
over the ...

Seigneur and ...
spot was, the ...
that this was ...
voice it ...
meet him. When ...
stopping. ...
and made the ...
ing of the ...
Princess ...
led with ...
tag, put ...
and a ...
Lionel, ...
course in ...
step, ...
was shortly ...
finger and ...
on proclaiming ...
dition, which ...
sword of vengeance, the ...

Scottish rebels, addressed the royal Eleanor by name, and required unlimited and immediate submission to the power of England.

Recovered from a long and perilous swoon, in all the wild extravagance of grief she implored them but to wait until her son arrived, that she might take a last farewell. This produced inquiries of whither he was gone? To which the women would have answered directly, had not Lionel, with more presence of mind, replied, that he was expected the next morning from Bridgenorth, in Shropshire, where he had tarried for above ten days. 'Bridgenorth lies in our way to London,' said Effingham, 'we have but a limited period to act in, and can allow no further delay.'

As resistance would have been folly, and might have provoked them to drop

the respect which was then so generally treated the females, Lionel continued as he said, that, on an instant's reflection, they would be seen to have yielded to force, instead of being torn from her side, as she had said—Eleanor in tears deplored the wrong, but never torn from her side, as she had said—stantia—she, who the friends of her sex, deaf to Luther's sermon, ceased not to read, with every term, *Elfingham and his wife*. Now she raved at the injustice of Providence in suffering the evil to fall upon them; then, at the injustice of the monarch, casting on Edward every reproachable epithet, and now again she poured her ire on those present. Long did they listen to her expressions of unbounded rage with silent contempt, till, stung at her perseverance, a knight altern answered her impotent threats by a blow. Lionel, now no longer the disciple of prudence, but an irritated

husband, felled the soldier to the ground, and, in return, was, by a javelin, wounded in the side; a skirmish took place; Lionel strove to defend his wife and princess, which exasperating the brutal horde, they dragged Constantia to an adjoining room; the door they made fast upon her, then binding Eleanor, Lionel, and their wounded brethren, on horses, regardless of the agonizing shrieks of the unhappy Constantia, they set fire to different parts of the plantation, and departed with the captives to England. From thence, after a short stay in solitary confinement, they were removed to St. Urban's prison, the general grave for proscribed victims.

The same evening I had Lionel conveyed from his penurious dwelling to an apartment in the Abbey, where he might share, for the remainder of his days, every enjoyment that his infirm

habit of body would admit of—but few, alas! are the comforts of the blind.

Rich in the choicest gifts of Heaven, health, liberty, and sight, man is unable to combat every evil which the air he breathes; but in the midst, how far more precious is the light! — The invalid has ever the hope of convalescence before him, the prisoner expects the hour to come when his doors shall be thrown open—but what can meliorate the keenness of regret and despondency in him whose vision is, after long enjoyment of it, ravished from him? Truly wretched are the blind, their life is groping in obscurity; at every step yawns destruction, each moment of existence before them peril stands, into whose arms, unless warned by the voice of duty, unwarily they may run; if indigent, for lack of human, many are forced to seek a guide among the brute creation; if wealthy, at the

best they are but noble dependants on the capricious will of others. Nature, that to the visual ray bedecks herself in all the glowing tints of the sun-created arch, to the blind is clad in robes of mourning.

Fulfilled be the decree of Omnipotence ! but if it is not arrogance to ask, Oh, let me, sworn brother to meagre unclothed poverty, roam round the world, with not a roof to break the fury of storming elements—let me in every city find a desert, in every relative a foe—let the shame of unfounded suspicion overwhelm me—let me be slandered, shunned, and ignominiously chased from society—let my bread be bitter and precarious—let friends shoot the deriding smile, more wounding than the frown—but, O God ! deprive me of health and sight only with life, for they constitute thy goodliest blessing—**independence !**

Our visit to Menare over, we had returned to the Castle, and regardless of approaching night, were sitting in the recess. Stratton spoke, and attention hung upon his words, when a clanging of the great bell over the outward gate, at the extremity of the Abbey, gave hindrance to our discourse. Most of the domestics were retired to rest, it was now past midnight. Having been cautioned by Roland against an enemy in times of tumult thus gaining a footing within the walls of a fortress, the first suggestion was not to open the gates; but on Stratton's starting the probability of its being Norman O'Connor, or tidings of Blanche, perhaps herself, for it was now generally known I had taken up my habitation at St. Urban's, and that there was no dwelling nearer than Llanfair, or many miles the same, and that the procession of the monks, as desired the guard.

the first ring, had, on the second, come to me for orders to learn who it was that at this late hour disturbed the quiet of the Castle. We threw on night cloaks, and, having stationed a watch on the eastern turret ready to give the signal of alarm, we crossed the ramparts, and descended by steps cut in the rock to the drawbridge; the wicket door of the portal being fortified by a herrison, no danger was to be apprehended, and on the third ring I enquired who it was that challenged admittance within the gates? 'Three benighted travellers,' replied a voice, 'pray you, accord us shelter till the morn?' The porter awaited my directions. I sought Stratton's advice. 'Haste, let them in,' said he, 'you cannot doubt their word until they give you reasons for so doing.' At my request he departed to rouse the domestics and prepare accommodations, and I ordered the strangers to be ad-

mitted. They were enveloped in loose travelling wrappers.

‘ If you be owner of this mansion,’ said the foremost, ‘ we demand from your good-will alone shelter for a few hours; but if such be our inclination we must depart unmolested by break of day.’ To this I readily acquiesced, and led the way to the great saloon, where, thanks to Stratton’s diligence, a blazing fire, and board plentifully loaded with refreshments, greeted my guests at our entrance, and procured him thanks from the spokesman. Advancing, I offered to divest the hindermost of his cloak; Stratton tendered the same service to the second; whilst the third prepared to throw off his unaided.

‘ Here at St. Urban’s,’ said I, as unclasping the belt that encircled the waist of my guest, ‘ you may tarry as

long as impelled by inclination or necessity.' Divested of their mantles, we naturally directed our eyes to the countenances of the new comers. Astonishment deprived me of the power of utterance. Stratton had hold of Edward King of England, I of young D'Spencer. Rightly imagining that we knew them, they drew back; but we put an end to their suspense, by flinging off our cloaks. Words are inadequate to express the emotions that agitated every heart at this wonderful encounter. Edward's brother, the Earl of Kent alone, was collected enough to speak, which he did by throwing himself and companions on the honour of Prince Godfrey and myself, assured, as he said, that we would not let past events influence the present moment, and that the ill offices we had sustained on late occasions would have no power to induce us to seek revenge

by betraying them to their merciless enemies.

This led to an explanation of recent affairs in England, comprising the Queen's invasion of the island with the combined forces of Philip, Leopold, and Hainault, and the many skirmishes that ensued, ending in the King's being forced to fly the realm. He took refuge in Scotland, but designing to get to the Norwegian coast, where young D'Spencer, from his influence with the Governor of the Fort at Bergen, could insure an asylum, the vessel was driven by contrary winds to the Irish shores; they landed at Fair Head, and after incredible hardships, wandered towards St. Urban's.

In Edward I saw no longer a vindictive and irritable oppressor, but the kind guardian of my youth; Stratton beheld not the son of Eleanor and

Llewellin's murderer, but a man destitute of other resource suing to him for help. The gentle shade of melancholly that, towards the latter part of our conference, had spread over his features, now vanished, and with a look of complacency and good humour, he invited our weary guests to what the table afforded.

But D'Spencer! what reception could D'Spencer look for from those he had used with such unparalleled barbarity! if in his nature there exists an atom of compunction for evil committed, what must now be his feelings; cast upon the benevolence of the men whom he had abandoned to the cruel pangs of three lingering deaths! The sight of him fired every particle of wrathful enmity within me, and I could scarce forbear, though in violation of my incumbent duty, whilst exercising the office of host, from disclosing the ini-

quitous transaction to his partial Sovereign, yet Stratton had suffered equally with myself, and he welcomed D'Spencer as though he had been a new found brother. I could not boast this innate principle of charity, and disdained assuming it; therefore marked the asperity and choler of my soul by a total and pointed neglect; it was too apparent to go unnoticed. Edward was restless and chagrined, Stratton and Kent smiled at a sentence; but D'Spencer felt it; a sullen austerity lowered upon his brow; he rejected their urgent entreaties to take some kind of nourishment, and, complaining of a slight indisposition, traversed the room, and drawing a seat near the fire, sat with his head reclined upon his hand, perusing Baldock's *Historia Anglica*, which he had taken from the book-press.

The sad, the joyless meal over, David came with lights to attend my guests to

string reaching from the gallery to the hall. At my command they withdrew; but David did not so readily comprehend reproof, or yield to repulse. He stalked in, and bowing his huge body into the figure of a triangle, whispered, 'Dost not know him? Ulric, the pirate,—the sea robber.' D'Spencer heard the words, and starting up as from a trance, darted a look of gloomy enquiry at David; then addressing me, said, pointing through the casement to the green on which stood the abbey prison, 'My Lord, will you lead me to yon platform?'

CHAP. VI.

THE REGICIDES.

THOUGH unable to guess at his purpose, I complied, and conducted him to the spot. When arrived at the extremity of the lawn, terminated by a clustre of rocks, the foundation of which was laved by the billows of the Northern Ocean, D'Spencer stopt.

'Cornwall,' said he, in slow and solemn tones, 'I have run the course allotted me, and now approach the brink of existence; oft have I deviated from the righteous track, innumerable have been my follies, great my crimes, my offences are only to be equalled by the terrors of remorse that now tear this agitated bosom. Fortune hitherto

crowned my every wish with bright success; but this, far from expanding my mind to philanthropy, rendered it callous to the woes or joys of others. The horrors of adversity now gain on me with rapid strides; spurned with reproach from society, it is not Edward but D'Spencer that is bated to ruin by the vindictive Barons. Whither can I fly from the chastening arm? whichsoever way I turn me all is luckless and forbidding. I dread alike impotent old age and the toothless infant. Oh, Cornwall! affliction peels away the hardened rind of obdurate insensibility by which my heart is encrusted. Be thou my Confessor, and when I have released the secret that here struggles for vent, give death for absolution. Conscience tells me thou already knowest it, but hear it now confirmed. Behold this gem! He took from his breast the memorable ruby bestowed on him by Henry at the

inhearsing of the assassinated Lancaster. ‘By this solemn gift,’ continued D’S pencer, ‘thy friend challenged me to avenge the death of his lost parent, my parent also, to whom I was united by stronger links than those of Montford; Lancaster was at once my father by adoption, my guardian, and my benefactor. I bound myself to do so, in accepting the awful pledge—it was I that murdered him,—and thus I fulfil our sacred compact.’

Anticipating the deed, I rushed forward, and as he was on the point of seeking a grave among the waters, I caught, and held him in my arms. He struggled for some time, then drawing a small poniard from his side, before I could wrest it from him, he struck it at his heart; but the motion of my hand changing its direction, the point glanced sideways, and entered between the first and second rib. The hurt

was trifling, yet the blow (followed by a more than common effusion of blood) bereft him of his senses. I had him conveyed to a distant apartment, and sought Stratton, to whom I, in full, related the foregoing particulars. Till now he had remained ignorant who was the perpetrator of a crime with which he had been accused by Maltravers, at Salisbury, and for which he had suffered fifteen days imprisonment, attended by every disgraceful appurtenance that the rigour of the law enjoined.

Stratton agreed with me in the opinion that real compunction had but a small share in this sudden regeneration; for, as he said, genuine repentance was manifested by the diffidence of silent sorrow, and the abashed awe of humility. The contrition D'Spencer had shown was but the effect of

impatience and despair, and only proved that could he once more atchieve the station wherein fortune, as he said, palled his every wish with excess, he would again plunge into the inebriating whirl of vice and folly; but that point he never again attained, his days were numbered; yet doomed to undergo the severest corporal pains as some expiation for his manifold transgressions.

Stratton took upon him the accounting to Edward and his brother for D'Spencer's absence; whilst I visited the new convert, desiging to enquire, if I could with decency recur to our last unhappy meeting, what became of young Eustace de Erickblane, whom Maltravers had detained on board at our ejectment? Finding him tolerably collected, I introduced, with as much delicacy as possible, a subject, the mention of which led on to a discovery

that existed in me the liveliest emotions of hope and sorrow.


D'Spencer explained, that on his leaving Winchester with Maltravers, he deputed his trusty agent to Kentworth, with directions to seize on Blanche, and convey her to Falmouth, whither he was then on his way to embark for Brest. This commission Maltravers punctually fulfilled: but ere he reached Falmouth, D'Spencer consenting to an aquatic excursion in an open boat, was, with other young men that accompanied him, taken by Siffrid, the then Admiral of the piratical fleet cruising in the Channel. This gallant chieftain being shortly after killed in an engagement with a Gaul, D'Spencer was chosen Commander. By this he was enabled to carry into better effect the purpose he had formed—he landed at Falmouth—and re-embarked with

Blanche, and Maltravers, who assumed the name of Gothrorpe, and acted in the capacity of sub-master.

The illustrious prize D'Spencer gave in charge to Gustava, an old Norwegian female, the widow of a deceased mariner, until matters were ripe to favour his relinquishing the command of the armament, and gaining the coast of France, where he designed, by soothing or compulsion, to make Blanche his bride, and thereby obtain what he had so long ardently coveted, the inestimable reversion of the Urban estates. This was the motive that actuated him to yield to Maltravers's project of launching us adrift off Carlinford—thus at once to put it beyond my power ever attempting the rescuing her from his hold, by delivering us, as they imagined, to inevitable death. The hurricane which we weathered proved fatal to the vessel they

were on board—it was wrecked on the Isle of Anglesea, and only he and a few others escaped with life; among whom were neither Eustace, Blanche, or Maltravers.

Any comment on D'Spencer's free and candid avowal would have been ungenerous at this time; I therefore took an occasion speedily to leave him, in the full resolution of instantly dispatching a person to the Isle of Anglesea, there to lay a train of enquiry that might lead to the certainty of whether Blanche had perished or not. But whom could I appoint to execute this commission with promptitude and fidelity? The respect I owed my royal guests prevented my quitting St. Urban's during their stay, and to lay circumstances before Stratton would have been a trespass on his good nature, which my sense of delicacy revolted from. The journey was wearisome, it was in Novem-



ber, the height of a rigorous winter, and the errand altogether vague and uncertain. David Powdras, in matters of weighty concern, ever proved a useless nonentity; Roland, though serviceable as far as his capacity extended, was not calculated for the expedition, and I regretted much the being severed from Norman or young Vincent.

But my irresolution on how to accomplish what seemed as indispensably requisite to learning whether Blanche still existed, was speedily converted into ability to follow the bent of my own will. Edward departed for England.

A former event, which I have detailed to you in the case of my father Gaveston; ensnared by the machinations of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, justified the present endeavour, aiming at

the apartments prepared for them; unacquainted with due forms, he respectfully presented tapers to Edward and the Earl of Kent; but on approaching D Spencer, who, wearied with sitting, again paced the chamber, his inquisitive eye glancing over the well known lineaments, he let fall the light, and stood motionless. Far from suspecting the real cause of this strange and unaccountable behaviour, I with severity commanded his absence; but Stratton, who divined the truth, with more presence of mind, stepped forward to detain him. This was, however, impracticable; panic-struck, he tore himself from Stratton's grasp, and in less than five minutes the report was spread that the new come strangers were part of the formidable body of pirates then infesting the neighbouring seas, and that Ulric, the renowned chieftain of the aquatic plunderers, was then in the abbey.

To this David added the account of our disastrous excursion to the Orcaades, stretched far beyond the bounds of probability by the peculiar timidity of his hyperbolical imagination. This accident produced no other unpleasant consequences than our being deprived for the remaining hours of Stratton's company; he went to exert his authority among the domestics, and restore that order which David's ill-timed discovery had totally overthrown.

My royal guest, at length, signified his wish to retire, as did Lord Kent; but to repeated solicitations, recommending to him repose, D'Spencer replied only by a silent shake of the head. On my return he was still sitting near the fire, apparently sunk in the most profound meditation. At the opposite door stood David, pointing out D'Spencer to a train of servants that, lining the stair-case, formed a

King through his wanderings to the Abbey of St. Urban; and on the same day on which D'Spencer had made to me the foregoing confession, Montalton came, cloathed in the raiment of misery, and hovered at the castle gates; where, with whining supplications, he wept, intreating alms of the domestics as they appeared in sight. I was with Edward and Kent at the time on the ramparts; but attracted by the imploring voice, we leaned over the wall, and distinguished the importunate petitioner. On asking from whence he came? he replied 'England.' Every intelligence, however indefinite, from the opposite shores was at this period of the utmost consequence, and I directed him to be instantly conducted before us. We continued our walk, and presently the shivering wretch, attended by Roland and Powdras, advanced with drawling steps and cringing awe.

With more than common plausibility he told his guileful tale, giving us to believe he formerly belonged to the forces that made the descent upon England ; but on the total discomfiture of that, and the entire failure of the Queen's interest, (her adherent chiefs having sustained three successive overthrows in pitched battles with the royalist nobles, Arundel and Suffolk) he and many hundreds more had fled a land wholly devoted to the ancient system. Many were the interrogatories put to him by the joy-envigorated Edward, and his answers invariably comprehended, that Arundel had deputed messengers in search of the princely fugitive, for whose return the kingdom sighed, and for whom Suffolk held the regal diadem, awaiting to recrown him in thrice an augmentation of splendor and puissance.

This account, by the peculiar artful mode of his giving it, aided by the delusive trappings of wretchedness he had assumed, bore the stamp of probability. Kent gave implicit credit to it, and I considered that, if such was the present state of affairs, this glimmer of success should not be disregarded. But Edward indulged the excess of his transport, in pouring thanksgivings to the Eternal for this manifestation in his favour of support and protection; and concluded by declaring, nought but the elements should protract his further stay in Ireland.

In obedience to his command, I sent Roland to the nearest sea-port, with instructions to inquire for a ship bound to England; and having committed Montalton to the care of David, with orders that nothing should be wanting in his entertainment, I invited my guests to a farewell regale, prepared

by Stratton's order in the great hall.
At the close of the festive meal, during
an interval of silence, we heard a voice
without exclaim in loud but impres-
sive tones,

The manly prowess, and the agile arm,
The winning softness, and the beauteous charm,
Alike shall know the truth-disclosing day,
When strength must fail and beauty must decay:
For that all conqu'ring change, triumphant fair,
Let modest reason and good sense prepare,
Let towering pride be check'd at reason's call,
The higher rais'd, more dreadful is the fall.

The two last lines seemed to strike
conviction to the heart of the fallen
monarch; he looked around, and at
the instant the casement flew open,
Norman O'Connor leaped through
it to the ground. The confusion
into which he was thrown at the sight
of the King and the Earl of Kent,
their persons not being strange to him,
shewed that he had expected to meet
none but Stratton and myself; we
laughed at his consternation, and I

made him known to Edward and his royal brother as a dear and valued friend.

D'Spencer and our noble guests shortly after retiring, we were left alone with Norman. As we predicted, the vision he had fondly thought to substantiate had evaporated to air. Convinced that what he had considered as reducible to practicability was but a vain chimera, his plans relative to Ireland were now abandoned. On Stratton's demanding whether his active inflammatory spirit would suffer him to lie dormant in the present English feuds, he answered, that were it a contention between king and subject, he should not hesitate which side to abet; but as it was a warfare betwixt tyranny and usurpation, he declined all interference.

As my present intentions were to attend Edward to England, and he

reinstated in his right, to proceed to Wales, I communicated to Norman the likelihood of hearing some intelligence of Blanche at the Isle of Anglesey, off where the Thunderer was wrecked, and craved his aid to assist me in prosecuting the search. He readily consented; and offered, as my parting with Edward depended upon certain circumstances, to make not an hour's delay, but leave St. Ursula's that night. This design, however, at my request, was relinquished, he had already come off a long journey, and required repose. . . . Accidentally speaking of the late mournful revelation we had made at the abbey prison, I commissioned Stratton, during my absence, to see that the building was erased, and, at the same time, made over to him the ground on which it stood and contiguous lawns, to put to whatever purpose his pleasure willed; conceiving that it would be no small gratification

to his mind the rearing a monument to the memory of his hapless mother.

By break of day Roland returned, and acquainted us that a ship was then in wait to take on board six persons, for whose passage to England he had stipulated with the Commanders. How far heaven apparently befriended Edward's views; yet what he regarded as the infallible token of success, was but a treacherous exhalation that blotted him to his ruin.

Having in the presence of the vassals transferred the rule of St. Urban's to Stratton, accompanied by his Highness, the Earl of Kent, D'Spencer, Norman O'Connor, and Montalton, to whose request that he might return to Britain Edward had acceded, promising, moreover, to take the charge of his future fortunes, I embarked at Fairhead, and after a voyage of a few

days, being becalmed much of the time; we landed at Whitehaven.

By Montalton's advice we were bending our course to the priory of Carmelite Monks, without the town, until, as he said, a messenger could be dispatched to the Lords Arundel or Suffolk, to acquaint them of the King's return. The royal brothers, attended by D'Spencer and the subtle traitor, walked on before, leaving Norman and me to adjust matters with the Captain. These concluded, we were following them to the monastery, when, as passing through the market-place of the town, my companion prevailed on me to stop and listen to the observations on political affairs, from the peasantry and yeomen whilst carrying on their mutual traffic. The commentations, as customary, had for object the bewailing the unheard of miseries, and cruel obduracy of these warring times, each sentence wound up

by an alledgement of centuries standing, that the present crisis was the most momentous ever known at any period since the creation.

Various were the suggestions and fancies on what had become of the King; some said he had fled by the last fleet of merchantmen to Africa; others, that he was skulking in disguise in London; one was certain that he no longer existed; another that he was coming with invincible force to attack the shores of England; and a third seemed in the mind that the Prince would be proclaimed Sovereign, the King having, by flying from his trust, resigned it; but all were unanimous in sharp animadversions on Edward, and flattering panegyrics on the Queen, who had, as we now learned, released several tribes of debtors from imprisonment, annulled the most offensive of the penal statutes, and by numerous

her life of suffering and
 at real dignity. She was
 like a star.

Norman answered that he
 and it was very difficult to
 him to give the name of
 continuing the very same
 s cried, 'There is no one
 lowed.' A man painted the
 towards us. The English of the
 Questions answered were
 him by the strongest of all
 which, when he was returned
 swer, he replied that he
 that Edward the King and the
 of Kent, his mother, and
 hended in the prison of the
 lite Minister of Mortimer and
 of his prisoners. Some of
 in search for young Desper
 had escaped, and the king
 to set out on their march to
 with the illustrious prisoners.

At the hearing of this, we would have retreated; but the unruly cabalists, ere they would let us depart, compelled our joining their exulting cries of—‘Live the Queen!—perish tyranny!’

Norman persuaded me to give up all thoughts of Edward, and accompany him to Wales on dearer interests; but my heart, that yearned with pity and affection to the protector of my infancy, spurned the suggestion, and I fervently conjured him to persevere in his first intent of going thither alone, whilst I followed the fallen Edward in his wayward fortunes; promising, as affairs turned out, to be at St. Urban's the beginning of March. We parted; and the sixth day from that I arrived at Berkley, whither the King, immediately after his abdication, in a general congress at Kenilworth, had been removed.

Here I found, what I might have naturally expected, all access to the royal prisoner utterly debarred; and even, methought, could every difficulty be surmounted, and I obtain an interview with Edward, what have I to offer but the sorry plainings of condolment, or efforts at encouragement by ill-timed apothegms on the mutability of life. A month glided away, and not the smallest glimmer of hope appeared to ensure the ever compassing my designs. From morn till night I wandered round the Castle, fruitlessly seeking an unguarded aperture whereby I might gain admittance to his prison, a solitary chamber at the height of the west turret.

I made myself known to Lord Berkeley, craving his licence once more to behold my honoured Liege : but Berkeley was under the dominion of Mortimer, and in consequence my suit was

rejected. Some few days subsequent to this interview, in a storm of hail and thunder, the tower where the King was confined suffered materially, several of the stones being loosened, and the facings otherwise damaged. Workmen were sent for to repair the breach; and thus did chance grant me an opportunity, on which I at the instant seized, to forward my views.

By the efficacious and irresistible argument of gold, I purchased to my interests the master-architect, Lessingham, whose brother having held a profitable department in the household of the late King, he was a staunch friend to the former system of government. From the authority of his station and favourable connivance, I got enrolled among the honorary corps of journeymen-builders, as a brother mechanic. With the utmost diligence and circumspection I watched my time,

and whilst that the labourers were generally bent on different employments near the fosse at the opposite end, he ascended under cover of the night, by means of a ladder, to the chamber of Edward's room.

Lessingham had, at these intervals, loosened the iron bars that graced the window of his chamber, and replaced them with such skill and craftiness, that though always they shewed firm and immoveable, they could at pleasure, and with the slightest exertions, be easily thrust away.

By the faint rays of a lamp, suspended from the ceiling, I discerned, stretched on the ground, the person of the dethroned King. His sable garments were torn to many a shred, his neglected hair, wild and dishevelled, hung adown his shoulders; the skin-

alone-clad bones of his hands lay betwixt his forehead and the deep-soiled flooring. I spoke—I gently called to him by name. Slowly he lifted up his head, and after a silent gaze of a few minutes, by a powerful exertion, he raised his languid limbs erect, and tottered to the window, the bars of which he held to support his enfeebled, his emaciated form from again sinking. I no longer knew the voice of the afflicted mourner: his countenance too—ah! how pitiable the change! those deadened eyes, that palid complexion, reduced flesh, and the universal tremor spread over his frame, were informers that told me more comprehensively what he had experienced since his durance than could a lavish of millions of words.

The nauseous food, infected air, tainted element, and restriction from

exercise, were the least dreadful of that train of auxiliaries called in to wring away life from the wretched nation. Thrice poison had been administered; yet had he overcome it from the matchless strength of his constitution. Here, through the rent-shattered roof, trickled the tears of Heaven, keeping consort with those that wetted the cheek of woe. Now the keen wind whistling through the crevices wailed, responded to the heart-sick groan, and now the moist plumage of the sea dropped a white dust pale over the prostrate captive. Here were openings by which offensive reptiles peeped, to extend their range, and there a precarious plank threatened, if not soon, to sink abyssed. To finish the melancholy description, on the floor, and beside his bed of unclean straw, lay scattered the mutilated members and forms entire of decayed bodies, verily

torn from their graves, to make this spot a charnel-house, and be the forlorn Edward's companions in invariable solitude.

Apprehensive of being seen by the sentinels on the walls, though it grieved me to leave him, for my presence had already in part dissipated the mists of hopeless anguish, I was forced to descend, and that with the utmost circumspection. Having concealed the ladder for future occasions, slow and sorrowful I sauntered back to Lessingham's house. Each successive night, for the space of three weeks, I missed not passing several hours with my beloved, my much wronged Lord! The comforts that I brought him, consisting in wholesome food, change of nether raiment, and potent essences, were received most gratefully as the very height of luxuries: but the first

salutation that ever greeted me on shewing myself at the casement was an enquiry of, whether the D'Spencers were yet apprehended? My answer, constantly in the negative, imparted to him no small degree of consolation.

My plans were now fast advancing to maturity. By the assistance of Lessingham I procured the habit of a canon regular: in this I hoped to achieve the escape of Edward from Berkley Castle. At an appointed spot he was to await with horses, whereby we might be enabled to gain the shore, and cross to Ireland. What course we were then to bend was the thought of an after moment.

The hour of darkness came; with agile steps and exhilarated spirits I

mounted to the window, as I imagined, for the last time. Previous to my taking down the bars I cautiously examined into the chamber, lest that any of his keepers should be with him: but judge with what horror I recoiled from the terrific sight!—at the feet of Edward, seated on the ground, lay extended two naked decapitated bodies, the blood yet flowing in copious rivers from the ghastly stumps: these were the sad remains of D'Spencer, father and son, sacrificed to an insulted nation's vengeance! I called to Edward. He neither looked up or spoke. Pierced with dread to my inmost soul, I beseeched him to put forth every endeavour of mind and body, and embrace the offered instant of enfranchisement; for that his life whilst in bonds was surely doubtful. He made not the least effort to rise; but sat, seemingly gazing, with

sightless eyes, at the blasting spectacle before him.

Seeing that words were of no avail, I removed the iron grating, and entered into the room. At the most strenuous terms I acquainted him that nothing impeded his immediate flight but his own dilatory ~~way~~ ~~and~~ ~~he~~ sought him to issue from ~~imprisonment~~ by seizing this propitious moment yet vain were alike my ~~representations~~ of danger and fervent wishes for him to shake off this morose dog, or the statue of meek resignation or rather, dastard insensibility. I seized his hand, and drew him towards the window; but strength proving insufficient to effect my desire of rousing him from this posture, by ~~holding~~ ~~of~~ my hold he fell motionless on his side. Kneeling, I implored him to answer me: I wiped the dew from his blind

front, chafed his cold hands in mine; but deep fetched sighs were the only evidences that life still played within him. Wound to a paroxysm of desperation at this total failure of my cherished expectations, I dashed the apparel I had brought wherewith to clothe him to the ground, and again would have attempted to awake him from this despicable lethargy; but hearing footsteps without the door, I hastily recovered the dress, and sprung to the casement.

Having refixed, though carelessly, the transverse bars, I slid adown the ladder, as that my shoulders were winged, and alighted unseen on the great causeway. Inexpressibly grieved at this unforeseen disappointment, I repaired to the spot where Lessingham awaited our coming with horses, and communicated the disastrous, as I

feared, termination of a scheme that, with incredible exertions, we had long been labouring to reduce to practicability. With me he bemoaned this impediment to our endeavours; yet agreed with me in opinion that I should not abandon a project ripened nearly to a certainty of success, nor again renew my attempts the following night.

We were walking slowly towards the house, still deploring the ill-fated Edward's ungracious impetuosity, when a shriek, seemingly more than a cry, darted along the arch of Heaven, and shrill cries followed—so expressive of every real agony—that the violence of the storm broke the bands of sleep, and a few minutes the streets were filled by a concourse of people, whose faces stared dismay—every eye was fixed

the western turret. My throbbing heart told me the sacrilegious, the bloody work was carrying on. Lessingham raised the ladder; and though numbers strove vigorously to gain the steps, I alone succeeded in mounting to the window.

On the bed lay stretched the breathless corpse of royalty, and at either side stood the regicides, Guernsey and Maltravers. Oh! martyred Edward! infatuated King! thyself to the last! D'Spencer, the blast of thy fair fame! whilst living, the unworthy destroyer of thy peace—dead, the undoubted author of thy melancholy end! The execrable Maltravers and his companion gave the impious blow; but thyself armed their hands with the murderous implement!

My first thought, in the ardour of indignant enthusiasm, was to proceed

according to legal forms against the Heaven abandoned homicides; but, on consultation with the most puissant of the adverse Barons, I was constrained to relinquish the design; for it was alledged, beyond confutation, that they had acted upon documents from Isabel, Mortimer, and Hereford. Silence and forbearance were thus imposed on those who otherwise would have spared no means to bring the criminals to justice; and the only tribute of affectionate reverence in our power to render was the attending his honoured corse to St. Peter's Monastery at Gloucester.

Ere my taking, as I hoped, a final leave of England, I ardently endeavoured to see the departed Edward's eldest son, whom I had not beheld since his infancy. This, however, I found impracticable; for such were the trammels his mother held him

in, suffering him not from her presence, and restraining him within the bounds she herself prescribed, that the youthful Sovereign wanted but the name to be denominated a prisoner.

CHAP. VII.

ST. ELEANOR'S.

NOTHING material had occurred at St. Urban's during my absence, but the arrival of the youth, as told by D'Spencer's account, had already concluded to have perished in the hurricane, off Anglessea. The fact of Erickblane's escape induced me to think that Blanche also might have escaped the perils of the night, and I called on him to acquaint me with the place on board the vessel, and our dismissal. The man called afresh to my remembrance the crisis of our situation, and to him; every minute was precious — he conferred the safety of the suffering Blanche, and in doing he shewed a *philanthropy*.

tive, comprehending the certainty that she was embosomed in the deep, endeared him much to me; and I readily acceded to the desire he professed of engaging in my service, and taking up his future residence at the Abbey. Stratton, however, differed with me on the prudence of this measure. He had observed, he said, embarrassment and confusion in the youth whilst I interrogated him: his voice often trembled and sunk to a murmur; his colour fled and came; and more than once he totally contradicted what he before asserted to be true.

The smallest disagreement in opinion with Stratton hurt me; for it inspired serious doubts of my own judgment: but as I could not, without repugnance to my inward sense of right, coincide with him on this point, the subject dropped. Inquiring whether the castle-prison had been demolished, pursuant to my wish, intimated

at my quitting St. Urban's, Gardiner offered to lead me to the spot where, as he said, in conformity to the purpose of my grant, he had raised a monument to the memory of his mother.

It is likely you will not be so pompous account of a provincial tomb-taph, magnificently adorned with the pageantry of sculpture and sleeping cherubs, and cyprus wreaths. None of these met my view. The scite whereon the tower once stood with awful menace, the play of a verdant lawn; around it, in a vast circle, at stated intervals, were raised twelve snow-white cottages of equal form and dimensions, each separated from the other by a transparent streamlet of the libernum and aeternum. In the centre of the green, around a marble reservoir of sparkling water, eternally fresh, eternally flowing, were fixt rustic seats, formed with the

rough and unplanned branches of the larch; to shelter it from the northern blast, the plantation was enclosed by a thick grove of forest trees, opening at uniform points to luxuriant vistas, and encompassing, or rather peninsulating the whole, ran an arm of the Deucalionian sea.

To each habitation was annexed ten square perches of land, one of which, by the crocus and the snow-drop, profusely scattered over the surface, shewed they were destined for the reception of Flora's fragrant gifts; the remainder were, as Stratton told me, to be put to the purposes of agriculture. At our approach, twenty or thirty children, playing in frisking gambols over the green, on a sudden set off in full bound towards Stratton, and from the rural hamlets came forth the gladsome cottagers. A man venerable in years, green in gladsome smiles, as spokes-

man for his freedom, address me
beseeching me to extend my benevo-
lence and protection to the human
colony.

The transition was so great, so un-
expected, so wonderful, it seemed an
Elysian dream, and yet in that brief
thrilling rapture to my senses, no pain
on earth could have furnished me
more exquisite delight. While my
thought came across me, said I, 'I
'I committed unto my righteous sancti-
fied spirit. Unity is the universal
aim in the works of God. If I had been
in mind, I was assured that the only
a shed to defend the earth against
from the inclemency of the weather,
would be more congenial to the taste
of the sainted Elysian than erecting
the high spiral pyramid, or encircum-
ing the earth with stately majestic
or gigantic wide-stretched houses of
religion.

‘ The haughty and frowning battlements that took years to raise, were in less than an hour levelled to the earth. I imparted my intentions to the vassals and labourers of St. Urban’s, and they with the utmost unanimity entered into them. Conformable to the rules I had previously laid down, in a short time the plantation became as you see it, and the worthy objects selected from among the roofless clans of penurious Hibernian families, were put in possession of their respective tenements. Here they enjoy the very essence of sublunary bliss; whilst in prayer their minds think a zone around the world, at other times they look not beyond the inclosure that binds the community together in social happiness. As the good old Blenner says, the colony is at present in infancy; yet, with the grace of Heaven and your humane sanction, I pride myself in the

reflection that I may yet behold St. Eleanor's flourish in extent and felicity. But as through my means none shall eat the bread of indolence, they will in a short time be enabled, in a variety of shapes, to supply the exigencies of the Castle.'

My reply to Stratton concluded by assuring him, that whilst I held dominion over St. Urban's, he should with me be co-equal.

As I designed not to leave Ireland until I heard from Norman O'Connor, whom I conjectured would soon be on his return from Wales, I employed the interval in putting my affairs on such a footing, that were he successful, I might instantly depart to Anglesea myself; but if otherwise, that the domain should be in a situation proper for the Lady Blanche's reception.

My friend's prediction respecting Eustace began now to be fulfilled. I had appointed him under equerry, as an employment best suited to his turn of disposition; but repeated essays to bring him to his duty proving nugatory, Roland was fain to acquaint me with the vicious course he had run since his domestication in the Castle. The charge he had in trust was totally neglected; when, with his fellows, his demeanour was noted for insolence and profligacy; half the day he sat sunk in sleep, and for whole hours he was wont to roam from the Abbey none knew whither.

This distressing report gave me much uneasiness, the more, as the young man, in several instances, had rendered me essential services. I ordered him in my presence, and attempted to expostulate; but the voice

of reproof was to him harsh and offensive. In lieu of giving ear to my admonitions, he irreverently launched out in bickering invectives against Roland, whom he had the audacity to entitle a worthless slanderer. I dismissed him with severe cautionary directions for his future conduct; but reiterated offences reduced my lenity to its last struggle; I came to the resolution of discharging him from the household.

David Powdras became likewise a troublesome encumbrance. Aware of his vigilance and fidelity, I had made him porter at the Cloister Lodge; but his dwelling being thus near the burying-ground, he had of himself resigned the employment, and chosen that of keeper of the wardrobe. This being merely a nominal situation, I indulged him in the change, as being well suited

to his lethargic indolent habit; but presuming on the authority he had once held over me, and my being his late companion in misfortune, he again relinquished this post, and became steward. However, his inactive dullness, invincible taciturnity, and irritability of temper, together with the frequent accidents that befel him whilst attending in his office, obliged me to desire his selecting one more suited to his capacity. He then fixed upon head falconer; but a gos-hawk having by chance tore away part of the flesh of his hand, he refused to undertake the management of them any longer, and insisted on being sworn in land-director over the new plantation. This Stratton peremptorily opposed, alledging, that each of the colonists at St. Eleanor's was, and should be his own lord. David having officiated by turns in every department of the domestic system, finding none that wholly accorded with his will, coolly

set himself down in the intention of contributing no more his abilities in any way whatsoever to the general establishment.

His mind, thus vacant and slothful, wandered to retrospection, and his brother's unhappy exit; it was one morn, ere ought but himself had arisen from the bed of rest, when we were alarmed by wild tumultuous shrieks, which, on enquiry proved to be his having seized on an owl's nest that had long remained unmolested in the mouldering walls of the guard-house, and put to death the parent bird, with all her harmless young. The only reason he would assign for this wanton act of cruelty was, that he feared an accusation coming against him, purporting that he kept a familiar spirit in the likeness of an owl; this, as I have before mentioned, being one of the charges

that brought his ill-fated relative to a premature end.

Repeated unpleasant affairs of this nature determined me to dismiss David, and the idle libertine, Eustace, from the Abbey, but allow both small habitations on the estate, a residence in them being at their own option. Stratton, who before strongly objected to my harbouring Eustace, now that he was convinced the boy was prone to evil, lamented his being shoved into the world a prey to every licentious temptation, and, at my friend's instance, I resolved to tolerate every inconvenience his indiscretions put me to, rather than, by averting my countenance, deliver him over to ruin. Stratton, with the benignity of an apostolic seer, reasoned with him mildly on the folly of his conduct, and succeeded in gaining a solemn promise of amendment.

But to Eustace advice ever came most welcome when it came too late.

By his own account he had been an orphan from his earliest infancy, and placed under the sway of a morose and severe task-master, to whom, so that the youth performed the bodily labours exacted, the culture of his morals was beneath consideration.

Death soon released the boy from bondage; since which period he had roamed from his native land, his breast devoid of every social love, for, which soever way he turned, a stranger's repelling frown prepared to meet him. Long initiated in this dissolute course, a radical change could not be effected, without the utmost encouragement from his own spontaneous exertions. Precept cannot be too early imbibed; for, granting the full play of folly to headstrong youth, what of good was

impressed on the tender ideas of the listless child may hereafter shape the course of the man of thirty.

No penetration was wanting to discern that, though still young in years, from the natural sterility of Eustace's heart, the shameful neglect he had experienced from his birth, and the pernicious habitudes he had of late yielded himself to, it must be an extraordinary endowment of the grace of God to restrain him, as he advanced in life, from actually giving up every faculty to the guidance of evil. Yet, as it would have been the height of presumption, injustice, and cruelty, to have thus wantonly doomed him to ruin, and abandoned him to chance, I resolved to leave no endeavour untried to compensate, by frequent documents of morality, for the treasures he had lost in his younger days.

I come now to the relation of an event that shot the point of sorrow deeper to my heart than all the ills I had as yet encountered.

Stratton, whom some urgent affairs relative to his colony called away, quitted St. Urban's for Belfast, and the same evening a packet was brought me by Roland; he said he received it at the gate from a man, who, putting it into his hand, clapt spurs to his horse, and rode on.

The first object that presented itself, on opening the cover, was the diamond-cross I had given the Lady Blanche in the bower of Hygeia, at Clenville, and enclosed in a letter I found a lock of flaxen hair. With speechless perturbation I read, in Blanche's hand,

• Alfred, Earl of Cornwall, you who received my vows, sanctioned by a

father and a brother, you who, since father, brother, kindred, all are gone, are my only stay, hear me. Entrammelled first by Lord D'Spencer, Providence snatched me from him but to throw me in the power of one Maltravers; from whom, at the latter end of November last, I was rescued at Anglesea, by a man of the name of Norman O'Connor; since that period, now four months, he has held me in the most rigorous durance at Montjoy Castle, Tyrone. Full well I know that the possession of St. Urban's was the object in view, and which all three, whom I hold in equal detestation, have attempted to attain by a union with me. I once thought Norman's interference with Maltravers was generously to restore me to myself,—but no, I pine in hopeless imprisonment. He is for the present absent, his return is uncertain; let not slip the occasion, but if you still cherish the smallest remembrance

of her whom you once flattered with a preference, you will, without delay, come to the rescue of the captive

BLANCHE DE MONTFORD.'

'The tokens herewith sent are to identify that it is Blanche imploring your aid.'

Picture my emotions at the reading this epistle!—compassion for my betrothed Lady, joy that she still existed, and anguish not to be described at the bare probability of Norman's perfidy, tore my heart asunder! Every word he had uttered in her commendation flashed to memory, the correspondence of time, his eager promptitude in matters where she was concerned, the authenticity of the tokens, all witnessed his treachery; and had he been present at the first blaze of my indignation, my poniard would not have per-

mitted him to have perused the recital of his base duplicity. Now I would have flown to the delivery of Blanche, then have hunted the unworthy traitor to death, and now again my mind fixed on immediately sending after Stratton.

This is the man, said I, (as having Stratton before my eyes)—this is the man on whom you have expended breath in profusely showering panegyrics,—this is the exalted, the liberal-minded Norman ! whose relentless obduracy towards you, prejudice made you varnish even with the gloss of merit; this is the man whom so oft you extolled for matchless fidelity, when I became a court out-cast ! The veil is torn, it is seen now that that was but carrying on his own selfish views against kingly power; this is he whose friendly diligence you commended in so oft going in quest of the lost treasure; a dishonourable, a faithless kern, born of a light-minded, capricious, crafty

country! yes, he remained truly loyal to me whilst she was hid from his search, but the track once known—oh fool! credulous idiot that I was, to be caught by smiling exterior! Alas! I raved to vacancy; Stratton was absent, and that absence, to my last breath, I have lamentable cause to bewail.

At the moment of ordering Eustace to prepare horses, for I had come to the determination of setting off for Montjoy, the door opened, and Norman entered. Ah, how unlike now to what he appeared when last we parted! Hastily advancing, he snatched and cordially shook my hand, I withdrew it: he spoke; I replied not: he threw himself in a seat; I traversed the room.

‘Most unfortunately have terminated both our expeditions,’ said he. ‘Unhappy King! the direful news reached

me at Anglesea. Fortify your heart, Cornwall, for the worst; all my search has been to no purpose; and there remains not the smallest doubt but that the Lady Blanche perished with her hapless companions, when the Thunderer was wrecked on the shoals off Beaumaris. I should have been here sooner, but was delayed by the stay of a Polish merchant, with whom I had contracted for a cargo of wheat, recollecting that when last at St. Urban's, you regretted the sterile state of the Abbey lands, indeed totally barren of grain. The English marts are ill supplied, but I may depend on the excellence of this, and look for it to be landed at Carrickfergus in a few days. I am not come to make any long stay with you, being bound for a voyage to Dantzic, with my friend the Polish merchant, and one Sir John Mandeville, a man of genius and erudition, and a professed peregrinator.' Perceiving that I still paced the

room with hasty and disordered steps, he asked, with much concern, 'was I ill? I am far from well,' he added. His face was flushed with fever. 'The snow,' continued he, 'is almost knee-deep; I nearly lost my way from Londonderry near Lough Foyle, crossing the swamps and quagmires: the cold is intense, the wind piercing, in truth, a Siberian sky. With your leave, I will take my constant recipe, a draught of Rhenish, and then endeavour to sleep away these excruciating pains that shoot through my limbs.'

I called Roland to take his orders; and flung myself in a chair, distracted with the thought of how I should break it to him. He drew near the fire, and, whilst applying friction to his benumbed joints, he vented complaints on the extreme severity of this inclement season; but observing that I neither spoke nor moved from my posture, 'Corn-

wall,' he said, ' I excuse thee, thy soul is straying above with Blanche's.' This taunt, as I conceived it, stung me to the quick. I started up, and, again pacing the floor, replied in a voice of wrath, ' I bear no jests.' He looked serious, and the opened packet still lying on the table, meeting his eye, he demanded whether I had had ill news? My answer was simply ' No !' but that in a tone that made the roof to resound. ' No !' repeated he in the same key, with a mixture of astonishment and pleasantry. ' Why, Cornwall, one might imagine, by your taciturnity and fretful reply, you had either been bit by David Powdras, or that you were a despairing lover.'

I darted to the table, and throwing the letter on the ground, desired him to read it. He did: whilst I, to avoid his features (in my idea changed to hideous distortion) withdrew to the win-

dow. The scroll perused, he asked me 'was I assured that the writing was Blanche's hand?' 'On that head,' I replied, 'no doubt remained; as certain I was also as to the identity of the cross and ringlet of flaxen hair.' His replication consisted in utterly denying the foul aspersion thrown upon him, swearing by the Being that made him, he never beheld Blanche but once, and that, as he had frequently mentioned to me, was at the interment of her father. He conjured me to banish from my mind all disgraceful impressions of him, and thus defeat the ends of malice; for,' said he, 'shrewdly do I suspect some dark work is going on; we are the marks aimed at by the shafts of malevolence. This letter may be forged, the jewelled cross extorted from her, the lock of hair stolen from her head; nay, she may be no more, and these engines but made use of to effect some diabolical purpose: but if she even

lives, there may be other Norman O'Connors. Methinks the refined delicacy of thy affianced bride is not to be met with in this diction; I like it not; appearances, I grant, stand in full array against me, but I place trust in my innate honour, uprightness, and confidence in your equity, which should prompt you to weigh well every circumstance ere you unjustly condemn innocence unheard, or lose for ever the fraternal amity of an esteeming friend, by giving loose to the base passions of jealousy and mistrust. The receipt of this paper should not have brought a frown on your brow, or infused a breath of suspicion in your heart. As yet you have not gone beyond the surface; the investigation will not cost you much labour; without it, how great hereafter may be your regret! Think then no more of the affair this night, and to-morrow I will accompany you to

Montjoy. 'Scrupulous young man,' continued he, elevating his voice, 'grant but scope to reflection, and see how false, how defective in probability is this written slander; think of the name of Montjoy's Lord; would the illustrious Butler connive at this act of arbitrary violence on an unprotected female? yet if the lady is confined at his domain by this caitiff adventurer, Norman O'Connor, it must be with the knowledge of James Butler. Come, my young friend, cast from you this illiberal distrust, and be yourself.'

He extended his hand—I gave him mine—for truth hung upon every syllable he had uttered, and conviction chased afar the dæmon Envy. Our discourse in time fell to indifferent topics; amongst which I mentioned a report made to me some days back by Roland, that several drove of cattle had been at different periods stolen in

the night from the Abbey grounds, by a marauding body of natives that infested these parts. Norman said, on our return from Montjoy he would, being well acquainted with the local customs of the land, exert his endeavours in a prevention of this evil.— Unable to support himself longer, thro' dolor and excess of lassitude, he rose, at my request, to repair to the chamber allotted him, but desired that he might be awakened in the morning, to be in readiness for our journey.


Though every ungenerous suspicion of Norman had vanished, my mind was still too much agitated to think of sleep. Half an hour had elapsed since he had retired, when Eustace hastily entered the room, saying, that he understood Norman was indisposed, and gone to his apartment. 'And is he not?' cried I, rising. 'No,' replied the youth, 'as well as I could distinguish, it was

hat crossed the arched court to-
ls the hill, leading a horse ready
utred.' I pushed him rudely aside,
ran with swiftness to the place de-
ed.

here, at the entrance of the stables,
he rays of the reflecting lamps hung
id the high-doomed roof, I discern-
lorman, holding an iron-grey steed,
he mane with one hand, and in the
r he grasped a naked dirk. I
e up to him, and demanded what
lid there, and whither he was
g? He would have answered, but
acing his speech with a smile, in-
ant rage burst forth in my breast,
uning every atom of forbearance;
ked upon the smile as a mark of
emptuous defiance, and I openly
d him with the vilest hypocrisy,
inding me with the soothing of
e, whilst at the instant he medi-
l flight, still to persevere in his

perfidious scheme; but, with an oath that now stands enrolled against me in the heavenly page, I declared that he should not quit St. Urban's singly.

Heedless to remonstrance, I was still launching in a full tide of rage, denouncing vengeance on the guileful traitor for this consummate villainy, when the pawing coursèr, unobserved by me, slipt his hold, and cantered off past the spot where I stood, through the gate leading to St. Eleanor's. Norman, bent on retaking him, made after the fugitive's steps, and, in the act of running, held up the dagger. I mistook the motion; wound to the highest pitch of choler, I cried, 'Infamous slave! would you attempt my life?' I accompanied my words with a violent blow athwart his face; he retreated, he trembled; wrath sparkled in his eyes, blood trickled from his lips: raising the weapon to a level with my



reast, he held his arm suspended for the space of a few seconds, then staggering back, supported himself on Justice; long he gasped for breath, and in a voice so low, so languid, so alteringly faint, that it shed the first seeds of compunction in me for the outrageous deed passion had stimulated me to, said, 'I will have nobler revenge. My Lord; you have put a world's division betwixt us; from this ever to be remembered hour we are disunited to all eternity.' A tear of sorrow and indignation started from its source. 'The fever that is upon me,' continued he, 'sucks away my strength, or I would for your single blow repay you a hundred fold; and, for these drops of blood that you have forced from me, drain your heart of its vital streams; but I am now no adversary to cope with, yet if my failing limbs can carry me hence, they may by my free-will ever after rest motionless.

Thus, with a blow, have you thrown me back my gift of friendship. O Cornwall, my heart bleeds for the agonies that your's will be torn with when time developes the mysteries of this night !'

He said no more, but left me for some minutes. I stood irresolute whether to follow him or not; I stepped forward, stopped; again advanced, hesitated; then sprung towards the door, and was there met by Stratton. I shrunk from his gaze; an unusual austerity and agitation pervaded his gestures. 'Speak not,' said he, 'I have heard all,—rash young man ! examine your diary, look back to the siege of Kenilworth; reflect on the character I gave you of Norman, and sink abashed. The engines of iniquity have been at work, but you yourself have gilded their labours with success; to your eternal remorse and shame, Norman's immaculate honor will yet emerge from

the shades slander has thrown over it; but hope not a reconciliation; our cases are widely opposite, mine was an hereditary wrong, you have personally injured him, and that in the most cruel, most opprobrious, most flagrant manner. Where is Norman now?' added he, addressing Eustace. 'He has left the Castle,' replied the youth.

Stratton went to the door; I followed instinctively; the snow lay deep on the ground, and, as we were informed by David, none but Norman had taken St. Eleanor's road since its fall, we traced the 'footsteps impressed on the heaven-dropt plain, for the length of a hundred yards: on a sudden they ceased, and we beheld before us one broad uninterrupted expanse of white. 'He must have returned the same path or here have fallen,' said Stratton. The latter was at the same moment verified. Overcome by the

agonies of intense cold, yet racked with the pains of internal ague, unable longer to wade through the sea of snow, his strength failed, and he had sunk as never to rise. Stratton and Roland lifted his shivering form in their arms, and were conveying him back by the way we had traversed; whilst he, still sensible, grasped and swallowed handfuls of snow, to quench the burning thirst that raged within him.

Distant from the Abbey gates a few paces, he suddenly started, and looking steadfastly around, perceived whither they were bearing him. With renovated vigour, he tore himself from their hold, and strove to fly. I rushed forward, I knelt, I clasped his knees, I implored his absolution, offered him every honorable mean to efface the stains my intemperance had sprinkled on his name and person; but no, he shook

me off with force; then lifting to his lips the hand of Stratton, whose features he distinguished by the rays of Eustace's lamp, he sprang away, and disappeared among a cluster of trees. We pursued, but the track he had taken falling into the public causeway, all traces of him were lost; still we gave not up the search, but continued it with unremitted ardour, nor left a step unexplored through the grove.

Morn appeared, and with it came torrents of rain, that quickly swept away the flakes of snow. Many hours were spent in fruitless wanderings, till, totally incapacitated from carrying the pursuit further at this time, we returned to the Abbey, weary, disheartened, wet, and chilled: but as it was not possible that he could have gone to any great extent in the dreadful situation he was in, Stratton dis-

their mission. They had stretched far beyond the bounds Norman could possibly have taken; and the conclusion to be formed was, his having, from the darkness of the night, and the condense fogs spread over the earth, missed his way, and fell off the cliff that edged the sea to the right. This supposition was most probable: but what a maddening uncertainty to lay under! Anxiety would not suffer me to remain an instant inactive. Without consulting Stratton, I called a chosen company, and set off the same hour for Montjoy Castle.

On acquainting the owner, the renowned Butler of Cashell, with my name, and every particular concerning the motives of this visit, I was received with honours and urbanity; but he solemnly disavowed the slightest knowledge of the transaction detailed in the letter, which I submitted to his peru-

sal; and moreover affirmed that he had never even heard the names of the several parties. As I was about to leave him, he offered, for my entire satisfaction, to conduct me through every chamber in the Castle. This, which, at any other time, I should have rejected with disdain, having in view the illustrious character of Butler, I now acceded to, determined on breaking through all form to come at the truth, and conscious that I merited the worst opinion he could entertain of me, after my usage of the much-wronged Norman.

With a heart surcharged with grief, I 'bad farewell to Montjoy's Lord, and measured back the way to St. Urban's, inwardly heaping curses on my head, and invoking Heaven that the bolt of dishonour might not be spared me for that despicable credulity and rashness which had ruined me for ever

with Norman, and consequently with Stratton : the first made me give belief to the insidious soothings couched in Blanche's name; the second prompted me to a deed never to be obliterated from the page of memory.

As passing through the group of trees wherein Norman had been snatched from our view, inwardly ejaculating a total renunciation of every expectant good on earth, so that I could once more behold my gallant friend, the horse whereon I rode suddenly fell under me, pierced in the chest by a barbed dart, thrown from an invisible hand.

I waited not to think; but vaulting on Eustace's steed, he having dismounted at the sight of this extraordinary attack, I darted on alone in full speed to the Abbey. Stratton met me near the bridge: I communicated what

had just taken place, and by him was confirmed in the suspicion that the blow was aimed at me. Eustace shortly after came, the identical arrow in his hand. With much endeavour he had contrived to extract it from the bleeding carcase of the steed. Stratton examined it, particularly the point, which, after a trifling experiment, he declared to have been dipped in a strong and powerful poison.

The ornaments being of peculiar workmanship, methought I had seen this weapon before: I regarded it attentively, striving to recollect—but much endeavour was needless; for on the hilt I beheld engraved the name of Norman O'Connor. Falling into the same error that had brought with it such exquisite sensations of sorrow and regret, I hesitated not alledging that that extreme compunction I till now felt for my offence was in some mea-

sure diminished, since he thus, to gratify revenge, had had recourse to the base arts of assassination: but Stratton declared that this villainous procedure was so totally unlike Norman, he would never give his credence to it; nor would he draw conclusions from mystery. Thus then all remained for a while in inexplicable doubt; but I must not omit acquainting you that the cargo of wheat Norman had purchased for me of the Polish merchant arrived during my absence.

Eustace had displayed much eagerness and activity throughout the train of these luckless affairs; and on his requesting leave next day to go to Lifford, I accorded him permission, only desiring that he would be at St. Urban's the beginning of the ensuing week, as his presence might be wanting in the domestic arrangements of the Abbey.

Imagination now pants with eagerness to lay before you the elucidation of the foregoing circumstances.

The natural excavations of the earth in Ireland at this time afforded a retreat for numerous hordes of robbers, that sought shelter in the bowels of the land from the griping fangs of justice, in the reach of whom their crimes and transgressions committed against society, above ground, had thrown them. Whilst the sun illumined our concave they were buried in these subterraneous cells; but in the period of darkness, then issued they forth in formidable tribes, to plunder the neighbouring territories for subsistence; and to a party of these lawless rebels were owing the recent losses I had sustained in flocks and cattle.

A boy, one of the sons of St. Eleanor's, accidentally acquainted me that

a band of free-booters inhabited a cave in the wood wherein Norman on a sudden vanished. I delayed not, on the hearing this intelligence; but selecting a well armed force, marched thither, with the boy for guide.

Arrived at the coppice, I caused them to file off to the right and left, whereby not an outlet remained unguarded. The youth, whom I had ordered to seek the entrance to the recess, beckoned us forward: we advanced, treading lightly on the surface, to the spot where he pointed. In the centre of a grassy circle, on which the peasantry have an idea the fairies dance when their lucid ball takes the ascendant, we found, concealed by the high verdure, an iron ring, computed eight inches in circumference: this, by a jerk sideways, and then pulling upright, raised a trap (it not being secured with),

and discovered a spiral flight of steps, nearly perpendicular, cut in the solid bed of earth. I led the way; my companions followed singly, observing, in obedience to my injunction, the most profound silence.

The narrow passage opened into a spacious vaulted chamber; several scattered articles of provisions shewed it to be inhabited, and on either side there were doors, larger than that by which we gained access. On hearing a rustling noise within that to the left, I directed my company in signs to separate, and arrange themselves near it, so that the entrance might be left perfectly clear. A deep sob of distress vibrated on my heart. I listened with aching attention. It seemed to burst from a female breast. "Who is in the next cell?" demanded an imperious voice. The door immediately opened, and my valiant followers poured into the

peopled cavern, faintly lighted by glimmering lamps. At the upper end stood a figure in pilgrim's weeds, dissolved in a passionate flood of affliction : near her stood a man—not Norman, as I profanely imagined on entering—but Maltravers ! and the weeping female proved, on my raising her hood, to be the long lost Blanche de Montford !

Maltravers, hastily retreating, gave a shrill whistle. The banditti in swarms rushed upon us. A desperate conflict succeeded : but in the end they were totally overpowered, and the ringleader, by a blow from Roland, was stretched senseless on the ground. Those that my men had fortunately secured I commanded to the Castle, under strong escort, where, when arrived, I committed Blanche to the care of the women of St. Eleanor's, and proceeded to give directions as to the

disposition of the prisoners. Maltravers, and those that were wounded, were carried to apartments at the left wing; but the banditti who had received no hurt in the skirmish I directed to be immured in the dungeon beneath the walls, till I could resolve on what course to take with them.

Blanche, by restoratives administered, revived, as long plucked flowers immersed in water. Her gentle soul, flown back to its lovely seat, lay long enwrapped in silent orisons for this providential deliverance: but still the idea of Norman being ever uppermost, when composure spread its unctuous influence over her mind, I produced the cross and the letter. The first she affirmed to have been extorted from her by Maltravers; the other to be forged: and on comparing the ringlet of hair with her flaxen tresses, the former was three shades darker than

the latter. I incontinently ordered Maltravers' person to be searched, and on him were found a wooden case of blackish earth, a loadstone, and several loose papers, among which were an old piece of writing, (a hymn in Blanche's hand), and many attempts to copy it: in this he had ultimately succeeded to admiration.

Oh! how bitter was my self accusation at these successive confirmations of my guilt! Norman! my staunchest friend in adversity! lost to me to the end of time! Resolving that nought should shield him from my search, if still he lived, I fixed on the next day to prosecute my errantry with unceasing vigour. Blanche, restored to peace, to liberty, returned her thanksgivings to the Almighty in enjoying present blessings. The following evening I presented her to the assembled vassals of St. Urban's as their ruler,

and formally resigned the power I had exercised over the domains during her absence. The same night I detailed to her the events that had taken place since our separation, and (having paid a tribute of tears to the memory of her mother and poor Montford) in the presence of Stratton and myself, she imparted the following relation; from her being taken from Kenilworth, by Maltravers, in a close caravan, to her embarking on board the Thunderer off Falmouth.

CHAP. VIII.A WAKE.

‘IN the cabin of the vessel I was met by a woman, far advanced in years, and of a most unfavourable aspect, who, in conformity to the instructions she was bound to follow, listened not to my imploring interrogations of, wherefore I was brought there, and by whose mandate ?

‘ Gustava, such her name, was the reliëf of a seamen lately deceased; and in her manners I discovered a ferocious haughtiness, tinged with cruelty, that at once inspired me with terror and dislike: yet, obdurate as she at first appeared, by dint of daily persuasion I drew from her that the

ship was a Norwegian pirate, the Captain's name Ulric; and that soon I might expect an interview with him, when I should learn from himself what was the purpose aimed at in detaining me. Thus then the days fled: but a rule strictly observed gave me no small pleasure. This was, that none were admitted within the doors of our apartment, nourishment being forwarded to us by means of a turning machine in the pannel. Scarce a day escaped but that the corsair made one or more prizes, and at such times the tumult, cries, and clang of arms over head, were insufferable.

• The vessel captured immediately previous to the taking of that on board of which you were, off the Orcades, was a ship bound from England to Sligo, with pilgrims for Lough Derg. A female palmer was killed in the action; and to Gustava's offer of procur-



ing me the weeds of the deceased I thankfully acceded, having hitherto strenuously rejected the costly habiliments left for my wear by my unknown detainer.

‘ The venerable Gustava, in whom avarice was the least failing, one evening was so intently engaged by a revision of her late acquisitions, for she shared richly in the plunder, being of service in the economical orderings of the ship, that I took that occasion to open the cabin door; but, like a timorous bird, again I shrunk back into my prison, accounting the seclusion of my situation far preferable to the being at large, and thus subject to casually meeting with the mariners: yet noticing that this outlet, instead of leading to the public parts of the vessel, only opened into a chamber like unto that allotted to me, I ventured a few paces further. The opposite door was

fastened by sliding bolts inside. Fearful by this that some one was in the room, I threw a timid glance around; but to all seeming it was wholly deserted.

On a marble slab, near a seat on which was carelessly thrown a thin fur covering, lay an open casket: out of this had been taken several valuables, and scattered loosely on the table. Casting my eyes over them, how great was my astonishment at recognizing, among different articles of jewellery, my picture, shaded when a child, and which my father had about him the day of his martyrdom; mentioned so particularly also in the proclamation set forth by my lamented brother Montford, as having been purloined by the venal homicide! With trembling trepidation I seized the fatal treasure; the pearls adorning it being

disposed in exquisite devices, made it a valuable prize.

‘ Closely I examined, with tearful eyes, what had in part pointed the assassin’s steel to my parent’s breast, but perceiving something move on the couch, fright assailed my every limb, and I tottered to the door. “Who’s there?” exclaimed a voice. A hand threw off the covering of fur that had concealed the sleeping person from my view. Still grasping the picture, I gained my own apartment, and having pushed the bolt to prevent intrusion, I threw myself on a seat, dissipating my terror by a flood of tears. “Is it Gustava?” demanded the same voice. I trembled—footsteps approached the door—I shrieked with wild perturbation; but at the appalling moment of looking to behold the murderer of my father, several of the mariners rushed

into his room, exclaiming, "a prize! a prize!" Uninterrupted stillness followed.

Gustava, who had concluded what till now so thoroughly engrossed her mind that she missed me not, came and seated herself near me. After some short eulogiums on her honesty and candour, at which she smiled, for flattery pleaseth those best that are the least deserving it, with an assumed air of negligence and unconcern, I asked who occupied the chamber adjoining ours?—"Ulric, the Commander," she replied, and then, as a profound secret, whispered that he had mentioned to her his intent of seeing me that evening. This threw me into excessive agitation, till understanding that the pirate had captured the prize his men had given him intimation of, my fears somewhat diminished, trusting that this event might retard the dreaded

in Wales alone at this season was to be avoided, I embraced the advice of Gustava, who counselled me to inform my friends of my present situation, and delay until I could take the journey under male protection. Sabrin, the name of our hostess, recommended a young man, whom she considered likely to execute the commission with fidelity. I received his acquiescence to the proposal, and he my documents, and having rewarded him to the extent of his wishes, he departed for England. In this interval the peasant, in whose habitation we had taken up our abode, lost her only child.

Being called on to assist in paying reverential honours to the deceased, I repaired to the room of death, accompanied by Gustava. On a board, raised three feet, in the centre of the floor, lay the infant corpse, wrapt in folds of spotless white, over the heart, as an

emblem of incorruptibility, rose a small pile of uncrushed salt: the neighbouring villagers flocked to her dwelling, as did the Kelenaghers, to celebrate the wake, and perform their appropriate functions; these consisted, at certain intervals, in sending forth howling cries, that to me seemed lamentably dismal: the children amused themselves with scrambling for the gifts thrown amongst them by the wailing Sabrin: the young people played upon the harp and timbrel, and those in the decline of life formed a circle, to recount to each other the heroic feats of their juvenile days.

“The festive rites had continued uninterrupted for many hours, when the cottage door was thrown suddenly open, and a young man, followed by a train of youths of different sizes and ages, entered: they took hold of each other’s hands, and bursting into loud

peals of laughter, danced round the dead, singing, to a quaint and sprightly air—

“ We merry tread fantastic ring,
Whilst thou, blest babe, Hosannah sing.”

Having gone the round thrice, they stopt, and in the act of genuflection kissed the lifeless hands, and groaned in concert. Again they shook the roof with laughter, and resumed the dance, still chaunting “ We merry tread.”

‘ Methought at first, from my ignorance of the customs, that this made part of the ritual forms; but the affright and indignation depicted in the countenances of the insulted peasantry, told me that these orgies were merely the wanton and malicious sports of a few foolish striplings. Sabrin, whose panic suppressed her speech, on observing that they persisted in scoffing at the remains of her departed child, burst into tears. Unable longer to re-

strain my emotions, in a tone which they instantly observed, I bad them stop; then collecting all my fortitude to aid, I enjoined them to cease these indecorous sports, that sacrilegiously abused what was late the cloathing of an angel, and sported with the feelings of those whose mode of celebrating the obsequies, though seemingly trivial and eccentric, yet bore the sacred mark of religion. "Behold," said I, "the dread, the consternation, the horror you have created; blush for the levity you have been guilty of, and, as the most acceptable atonement, depart this dwelling."

Laughter ceased, every smile was banished, and, with perfect gravity of demeanour, they left the cottage; but when he who had preceded the rest, and seemed the leader of the juvenile group, stepped over the threshold, he gave me a look that convinced me I

was not unknown to him, yet his person, to my knowledge, I had never before beheld.


The astounded villagers, inoffensive and timid to a fault, restored to serenity, it being near the hour of interment, rose and bore the body to its earthy bed.

The length of time elapsed since the departure of my messenger for England gave me much alarm. Gustava was impatient to return to her native country, and but for her growing attachment to me, would, ere this, have gone for Norway. I had no other recourse but to procure conveyance to England under the conduct of a trusty guide. Gustava consented to stay with me until I joined my friends, and the commencement of the ensuing week we fixed on to quit Anglesea.

* Ah! how vain are human resolves! and what more weak, to build assurance on mutability! That same night a ferocious clan, headed by Maltravers and Eustace de Erickblane, the youth who so indecently gave hindrance to the solemnities of the wake, attacked poor Sabrin's cottage, and bore Gustava and myself across the seas to the northern parts of Ireland. Here entombed, we languished three lingering weeks; towards the close of the latter, Maltravers burst into the inner cell, where Gustava answered me sigh for sigh and tear for tear. He abruptly demanded where was that diamond-cross he had once casually seen with me? Amazed at the insolence of the question, I hesitated for a reply: but he repeated it in a tone I dared not disobey. I took from my garments the velvet case in which it was enclosed, with papers, letters, and other precious trifles, and was preparing to surrender the object of his claim.

when he, darting forward, snatched the unopened casket from my hand, and disappeared. Weeping with very rage, I strove to follow; but appalled with dismay at the apprehension of meeting any of the banditti, I closed the door, and in silent resignation knelt, amenable to Divine Omnipotence, without whose sanction no evil could alight on me.

“The third day from this, the hideous Maltravers again obtruded on our retirement. I shuddered at his approach, and averted my wounded sight; he threw himself in a seat, and after a few minutes musing, “Tell me,” said he, “which would give most torture to the heart of your affianced Alfred of Cornwall, to see you a fresh made corpse, or know that you were forever torn from him, by being bound in the fillet of wedlock to me?” I shrieked in astonishment not unmixed with



ecstasy, "Where, where is Cornwall?" "Hard by," replied he. "I am deliberating which would be the most effectual to wring with anguish his very vitals, the beholding you espoused to me, or the being at the cost of erecting a monument over your senseless frame."

"Gustava had long regarded me with the tenderness of a loved relative; and now, irritated at Maltravers's barbarous threat, she exclaimed, "I will shield her from your accursed fangs; touch her not as you value existence." Maltravers smiled, as well he might, and advanced towards me. I flew to Gustava; she throwing herself on her knees, twisted her arms around my waist, crying, "with my life I will protect her." Our enslaver seeing that arguments were of no effect, stepped to the door, and returned with two of the banditti: at his command they endea-

voured to loosen her hold, but all their efforts proved ineffectual, she clung to me, muffling her face in my garments, repeatedly declaring nothing but death should separate us. "Then death shall separate you," exclaimed Maltravers, unsheathing his blade.

'I guessed the horrid purpose of his soul, and beseeched my too hazardous friend to unlace her fingers, and not thus wilfully dare the arm of barbarity and power. In vain I pleaded, in vain the men strove to tear us asunder; conceiving that the hour was come for his malice to blaze forth in some dire attempt, she remained fixed in the resolution never to let me from her sight. Maltravers, exasperated to the pitch of ruthless phrenzy, at this tenacious braving him, darted forward, and severed us, by cutting off her right-hand at the wrist. She fell back, and, faintly groaning, swooned away. The

men, at the direction of their inhuman chieftain, haled my unfortunate defender from the cell, through a dark passage that led to the brink of the ocean. I sat stupified with terror, momentarily expecting death or a more lamentable fate, still gazing at the quivering member bleeding on the floor. The banditti in less than five minutes re entered, their ensanguined garb, and smile of exulting confidence, informing me that Gustava repose in peace. Appalled with horror, I looked at Maltravers; he griped my arm, and raising me from my seat, dragged me to the adjoining cave, where, in different parties, were assembled his brethren in wickedness. "Here," said he, presenting me to the ferocious outlaws, "here is the best beloved of the Earl of Cornwall, my detested enemy; the oath of our incorporation makes my feuds your own; gallant associates, revenge me on him in the

person of this fair mourner; by my union with her we become Lords of St. Urban's lands, by her death we kindly spare her the hereafter lamenting the loss of youth and beauty; say, pronounce her doom—immolation or marriage, my hand is as ready for the one as for the other." At the conclusion of this address, contrary to his expectations, not a murmur broke the air. Somewhat disconcerted, he desired Gustava's murderers to produce the prisoner.

Extended on a litter, a man, pale, languid, and debilitated, was rolled in. "Know you that female?" asked Maltravers, pointing to me. He cast his languid eyes on my face, and after some little hesitation, exclaimed, "The Lady Blanche de Montford." He would have risen from the couch, but Maltravers, rudely thrusting him back, cried, "Put no questions to her, I can

explain past events with much more accuracy than can that lady. Know then, it was Maltravers that wrote the wonder-working epistle accompanying the jewelled cross and braid of hair; the first, as it is proved, was a most dexterous achievement, the second I wrested from the fair dame; but unable to steal a ringlet from this rich profusion, Eustace de Erickblane, my ingenious confederate, (who gained admittance at Sts Urban's, the better to forward these intentions) procured for me a flaxen lock purloined from the cabinet of the easy Cornwall, and which, as he tells me, was cut from the head of young Carol; Stratton's son. . . Would you, Norman," continued he, "would you, were you released from these subterraneous holds, be reconciled to him who has polluted with slander your darling honour, and attached opprobrious epithets to your name? Would you

again fraternize with him whose hand has imprinted the stigma of shame on your cheek? see yet the glowing crimson stripes; the vestiges of unmerited chastisement. I fear me your obduracy would decrease, in consideration of many extenuating circumstances, joined to the knowledge of his having rendered you an inestimable service. You know it not, but learn now, that on the plain of Salisbury, it was not Stratton you fought with but Cornwall, and Eustace was he whom you supposed the Eark. Cornwall, anxious to unite your severed hearts, took upon him the semblance of Stratton, or, as I have since learnt, Prince Godfrey; thus reconciling to your mind the injunctions of King Baliol, whilst Godfrey, still in error, ascribes the gaining of your friendship to return of reason.

Blanche stopped, for Stratton's emotions at this discovery became acute.

At length she resumed her words. "I see," added Maltravers, "by the transport this disclosure imparts, that Cornwall would be forgiven; but I am careful of the dignity of thy name, and to save thee from emblazoning thy infamy, by re-visiting the earth under thy present reproachful state, never shall you quit these recesses with life. Yet *ah*, my royal, my illustrious, my stricken Norman, shall this fragile work of Heaven be sent a headless corpse to St. Urban's, or shall her betrothed Lord see her in wedded bride? If you, in pity to her youth and excellently fair traits, adjudge the latter, I will keep on her so wary an eye, that should king or law interpose between us, that moment she breathes no more."

The stranger, regardless of Maltravers's boasting threats, addressing the surrounding banditti, asked, "were

mind. Go, on you alight the blessings of peace; but, in pity to the deluded Alfred, never in his hearing drop the name of Norman."

' He chose the youngest of the company to be my conductor to the Abbey, alledging as an apology for not attending me himself thither, or deputing a more numerous escort, his own debility of body, and the as yet instability of his new acquired friends. Maltravers, convulsed with passion, seeing that a blight was falling on his expectations, kneeling, caught my robe, and in the abject terms of base servility, implored me, ere I departed, to use my influence with Norman in his favour, whose potency, he dreaded, would now be exerted against him in retaliation. I shrunk at the touch of the hapless Gustava's murderer, and stepped hastily away, but with increased warmth of

importunity, he drew nearer, still grasping and pressing my raiments to his lips. I essayed to disengage myself, but it was impracticable; terrified at the flames that glistened from his bleared eyes, I caught the arm of my guardian, and sprang to the door. "Save me, plead for me! take me with you!" exclaimed Maltravers. "Rise," cried Norman, "stand from the lady; your life is ensured to you, but emancipation rests on my free-will." Still he was not to be shook off, he dragged himself on one knee after me, bemoaning and calling for mercy, until he came directly betwixt Norman and myself, then, as quick as thought, he started up, and plunged the poniard he had drawn whilst stooping in my protector's breast. Norman reeled—he fell; so long did he struggle in the pangs of dissolution, death seemed loth to bear his soul away.

Stratton rose and left the room. Grief and madness keeping me silent, Blanche continued: 'The banditti, at this stroke, thus daring, unforeseen, and rapid, shrunk back, awed, and wondering. The transition of obeisance was too momentary to have taken root, and this act being in unison with their own savage feats at arms, they strove not to avenge the loss of their countryman, but gazed with senseless apathy on the corpse, which, though life had long fled, Maltravers gashed and mangled by repeated strokes. He then gave orders for the body to be removed, and that instant Providence sent you to my deliverance.'

'Oh Blanche! thy safety hath indeed been dearly purchased. Norman reviled, Norman buffeted, Norman murdered! Who was this Norman? What

had he been to me? The gain of ten thousand brides, each blooming as Circassia's fair, each righteous as Italia's Saint, were not an equivalent for Norman's loss. Why, as I opened the deluding packet, did not the bolt of Heaven strike me lifeless? Rest fled my pillow, and the image of my dear, my hapless friend, hovered over my head.

Ere that the eastern sky became enlightened, I forsook my feathered couch, and made the dewy earth my bed; stretched on the humid grass, far from the outward wall of the Abbey, I lay, as it were, entranced. Blanche, myself, the world, sped before my agonized thoughts, wrought to phrenzy by the idea of Norman. And now the sound of voices made me attempt to rise. Beside me, on the ground, I beheld a corpse:—had it no

fluttering sparks of life,—was the vital breath wholly evaporated, the limbs indeed stiffened, the soul for ever gone? Ay, ay, and this livid mass of once animated clay was all that was left of Norman!

The peasants who had, as Stratton desired, gone anew to search the subterraneous habitation of Maltravers and his caitiff peers, found the body thrust into an obscure corner of one of the cells, and were bringing it to St. Urban's for Christian burial. The terror that seized me at first discerning it, now gave place to pity, to anguish, to compunction. Bending over the beloved remains, my eyes glanced at his arm; on it was a scar, a scar formed by the closed lips of a wound received from the pointed tongue of a venomous reptile; that reptile aimed its dart at me, but Norman, in my defence, caught the poisonous sting. Next my sight

wandered to a chaplet pending from his neck: well I remembered it was a gift of mine; he seemed much to have prized it, hanging as neither for use or ornament, but as we secure a donative from the hand of a valued friend. What now presented itself to my aching eyes—stripes seaming his palid cheek, stripes emblazoning my eternal shame!

Stratton and the villagers had by this time assembled round us. At the instance of the former, I consented to retire; but desirous of retaining a relic of the lamented, the wronged, the princely Norman, I detached from the shoulder his blood-stained cloak, disfigured with many a rent, and grasping it between my hands, pressed it to my forehead, to conceal the tears that now, to my relief, flowed apace. "One more look, Stratton; but one, and I will go." Go! I cannot!

horror transfixes me to the spot! O God! a miracle! say, is it a mark of divine wrath? the eyes open, the sight is fixt on mine; Norman still lives! Norman will be again my friend! again shall Gaveston be happy! Ah! when the passions are at stir, what very trifles bias their sway! A young boy leaning beside the corpse, wantonly put his fingers on the eyelids, raised them, and thereby disclosing the eyes, imparted to the breathless trunk a look of animation. I saw not the child's act, I saw but the full glare of vision from the dead, directed at my swimming traits. Mad with remorse, rage, doubt, and grief, reason no longer could withstand the whelming sweeps of these furious encroachers; she fled, and I swooned upon the body.

Oh, Norman! regretted Norman! to this day thou art avenged! the remembrance of thee hath since, and will,

till called by the minister of death;
blast every present enjoyment !

I desired Roland that when Eustace came, he should be instantly brought to me, ere a word of past transactions could be dropped in his hearing.— Those morals, which naturally were not of the best, had, from latterly associating with Maltravers, been totally, and, I, feared, for ever perverted. Occasion is to latent vice what steel is to flint : there it may lie hid for ages, till opportunity brings it forth in the commission of a crime. His living under my roof, for the purpose of holding a correspondence with my enemy ; his betraying the secrets of my family ; his working the ruin of a man that never injured him, were faults of so black a hue, that I was in the mind to inflict on him some marked, some dreadful punishment, as lenient measures had been tried, and failed.

Lest that the smallest glance or whisper should inspire him with perception of the truth, on the day that I expected him at St. Urban's I walked forth alone, in a lingering saunter, down St. Eleanor's road, with hope of meeting him. Here I accidentally encountered an old colonist that had long been afflicted with a gutta serena. We exchanged a few words, and he passed on. Scarce was he out of sight than a feeble remonstrating cry made me quicken my pace. The ungracious Eustace had caught the whitened honours of old Shamos' sightless head, and with a pluck, as passing him, he cried, 'Evertake Time by the forelock!' called to the impious stripling, who, on my appearance, desisted from further violence, and slowly came forward: Reproof for his inhumanity in offering an insult to the aged father ceased but at the door of the saloon. I made him enter.

Having prefaced the shock I was about to give, by promises of pardon did he reveal all he knew, I disclosed to him in full that Maltravers and his marauding party were then imprisoned in the dungeons of the Abbey. He trembled with affright, and wept bitterly.

On my repeating my requisition of a full and ample confession, he gave me to understand, that on our being put off in the bark from the Thunderer, he was ordered before Gothrorpe, or Maltravers, who questioned him minutely as to my late and present prospects: his answers briefly comprehended my futile search for Blanche and the encreasing friendship existing between Norman and me. On the ship's striking against the rocks of Anglesea, they hauled over a boat, in which D'Spencer, Blanche, Gustava, Mal-

travers, himself, and others, embarked; and in less than three seconds the pirate foundered. They were met by a Danish vessel, who in pity to their forlorn and perilous situation, prepared to take them on board. D'Spencer's wish was first to place Blanche in safety; but the mariners, in their haste each to save himself, thwarting his utmost efforts to this purpose, he climbed up the sides of the ship, and snatching a faulchion from a Dane, declared none should ascend till they had rescued her from the danger the bark was every moment subject to. This order would have been complied with, when a sweeping surge, running between them, separated the vessels to an incredible extent. The boat was wrecked on the Isle of Anglesea, and himself and Maltravers picked up by a fisherman, and conveyed to Caernarvon.

Here they wandered about the country for a length of period, till Eustace, by accompanying some young men to Anglesea on a hunting scheme, met with Blanche at the celebration of the obsequies of Sabrin's child. This circumstance, on his re-crossing to Caernarvon, he mentioned to Maltravers, who no longer considering her as the favoured of his lord, young D'Spencer, now regarded her as a fit object whereon to wreak the malice he bore me, as also to accomplish the new-started idea of gaining the rich prize of St. Urban's deed, by an union with her, who alone could dispose of it.

Eustace, prevailed on by Maltravers, worked himself into the community of St. Urban's, to give intelligence how his friend's plans took, as they progressively came into action. He acknowledged having purloined from

my cabinet the lock of Carrol's hair; and continued to explain the means whereby Norman fell into the power of the Rapparees : as slowly crossing the wood near the cave, those employed in fastening the inside of the trap, on hearing the footsteps, apprehensive that their retreat was discovered, ascended, seized, and dragged him into the inmost recess. Maltravers, informed by Eustace I was gone to Montjoy, and would return at a certain time, waylaid me, and with an undexterous arm let fly the dart he had taken from Norman's belt, having previously steeped it in venom.

This was the substance of Eustace's avowal, followed by a passionate flood of tears. Well he might weep; for by abetting Maltravers in the last attempt he stood guilty of intentional murder. As he had by these heinous transgres-

sions forfeited his life, he dreaded that I should proceed to this extreme, and, throwing himself at my feet, implored mercy. I ordered him into the custody of Roland, and then turned my mind on what to do with this numerous band of robbers. It would have been an insult to society to have again let them loose: my power as a Baron over their lives I was resolved not to exert; and yet how could I thus suffer my residence to be made a fortress for the confinement of banditti? One alternative remained—to send them to Dublin, and let the law take charge of them: yet, as the hatred and ill will against the natives was still kept up with virulence among the English magistracy, I relinquished this idea, and conformable to Stratton's advice, determined to keep them secluded, reason with them on the inhumanity of their

former dishonest pursuits, and, as they gave signs of contrition, provide for them in a manner that necessity should not drive them again to the like means of livelihood.

CHAP. IX.

THE WIDOW.

THE day approached, the blissful, long expected day, that was to give me Blanche—it came—we were united—Blanche was mine—and years rolled on in peace and calm delight.

Stratton had succeeded in his humane efforts with regard to the imprisoned horde: each, as they became converts, were released, and placed in the possession of a dwelling and its annexation of a tract of territory. Thus were these men, before, to all seeming, irreversibly consigned to vice and every species of depravity, redeemed from ruin, and, by the grant of a few waste acres of their native land, brought to ac-

knowledge the duties they owed their God and society. Gratitude was evinced in sedulous industry, and the honesty of their intentions in many nameless offices of kindness extended towards their fellow colonists.

Maltravers and three of his party still remained unsoftened to any degree of compunction. They had lately amused themselves through the night in singing to the full stretch of their powers, in order to disturb the quiet of the inhabitants: this to prevent, I had them immured in a vault apart from the building, that run under an arch, at the end of which was a door of brass and iron, opening on the heath, but when harricadoed it defied the utmost strength of man. A few nights after their remove, being in the oratory, an explosion was heard that scattered into ruin the western tower, together with part of the walls sur-

rounding the interior court of the castle.

The appalled tribes of tenants and domestics flocked to my apartments for refuge, from what they deemed a signal for the dissolution of the universe; but Stratton declared it was neither to be attributed to an earthquake nor thunder; yet, though he knew not to what to ascribe the concussion, it appeared to him the same noise he heard at the consuming of the cottage at Winchester by fire. Fearful of another shock, we did not separate until dawn, when David Powdras presented himself, trembling and aghast. 'Speak,' cried I, provoked at his tardiness in explanation, 'where are your prisoners?' 'Where are my prisoners?' repeated he. 'Do you not allude to them?' asked Roland impatiently. 'Not one remains,' replied David.

I made instantly to the cell that had been the hold of Maltravers and his confederates; it was already filled with the vassals, who poured in on hearing that the villains had escaped. A strong sulphur tainted the air; the brazen door that led to the wold was burst open, and shattered in several places; immediately opposite it, within the cell, raised on a stand, we beheld one of the many long iron tubes that served to convey the smoke through the window from the stoves, which, on the repairing the Abbey, had been left in the cave as useless lumber. How this could have the effect to batter down a huge metallic gate, and cause a convulsion that rocked the castle to its foundation, was most incredible. Thus became I disburthened of these incorrigible miscreants. Yet the joy I felt at my riddance was somewhat overcast on hearing that Eustace de Erickblane also had shared in their flight; he was un-

worthy further concern, and I banished him from my thoughts.

Edward, King of England, had now attained his eighteenth year—Mortimer was no more—and Isabel was doomed to perpetual imprisonment, when his Highness, summoning the Barons of his realm to a meeting designed to be held at Huntingdon, I, as holding that rank, received the royal citation, and made preparations to obey.

Recommending my consort and youthful sons, Reginald and Theodoric, to the care of Stratton, attended only by David Powdras and his favourite wolf dog of Hibernian breed, I journeyed on to England. Edward greeted me with every token of regard, but in vain threw out baits to attach me to a residence at his court; my heart centered in St. Urban's, and the ceremonial of his second coronation

over, I intimated my intention of departing for Ireland.

As crossing a heath this side Shrewsbury, a body of plunderers detained and rifled me of all effects of any value, excepting a few florences in gold, which, apprehensive of this, I had taken the precaution to conceal; they committed this reprehensible act without the least display of violence, and I made no shew of resistance, firm in the opinion that the extreme of necessity must prompt them to a deed whereby they hazarded liberty and life. David, who had forced his scanty pittance on them through quaking dread, no sooner saw them afar, than he poured forth a flood of abuse, and cast forth such legions of dæmons, that in consideration of my wounded hearing I rode on before to the lodge, where I intended to rest for the night.

Here, when arrived, fresh food offered for his timidity; the sign of the inn, a falcon, David mistook for an owl, nor could he be persuaded to enter, fearing lest some casualty should befall us whilst under the roof, until he was thoroughly convinced that it was not the feathered being of his terror. On enquiry for beds of the owner of the house, she informed me that her chambers were all occupied, and that the only beds she could possibly allot to myself and domestic were in the granary beside her dwelling, the usual reposing spot of the reapers, when they returned from the field. As we were not far from Shrewsbury, after resting here a few minutes, I preferred riding to the town, there to procure accommodations.

Accidentally speaking of the pillage I had sustained on the heath, 'Aye,' replied she, in a strong provincial dia-

left, ' nothing but marauding in walls and out of walls; here is a dame of rank, as her attendant says, in my house, who hath been robbed of all her substance. I place no great reliance on such tales; they have encumbered my apartment this week, but if she departs not by next noon, mother, babe, and follower, shall, perforce, seek a lodgement elsewhere '—

' Who, and of what condition is this female ?' I strove myself to ask; for the harshness of her phraseology was both unfeminine and disgusting. ' From whence doth she come, and wherefore stays she here ?' ' Her companion,' replied the woman, ' tells me she is widow to an Earl of Warwick, and when she rested at my house, was on her way to the minster hard by, with the body of her husband; but it seems she is unable to defray even the expences incurred to me, much more discharge the fees of burial.'

Till now I knew not that Warwick was dead or had ever married. Tho' reprobating his memory for the relentless cruelty he had shewn my father, I felt lively emotions of commiseration for his deserted reliſt, exposed to the rapacious brutality of this unfeeling woman, and ſubject to the gripe of penury. Yet the idea that the potent, wealthy Beauchamp's widow ſhould be thus left to ſtruggle with the pains of indigence, was to me a matter of much ſurprize. Eight florences was all I had about me; theſe I reſolved to ſend to her, though I knew not by what means, as they might in part answer preſent emergencies. David I could not depute, for he ſhone not in an embassy; the woman, I conſidered it imprudent to truſt, and therefore, as the only method whereby I could remit the lady this ſupply, I ſent to requeſt a moment's conference with her attendant.

She came. I acquainted her who I was; and apologizing for the abruptness of my offer, and the insignificance of the loan, I put into her hand what I hoped might answer her purpose until she could inform her friends of her situation. The female looked at me most piercingly, then, in a reproachful tone, replied, 'Those friends to be sought must be first created. If you profess Christianity, ask your heart whether you are acting right.' Weeping afresh, for her eyes were already blistered by tears, she left me, transfixed with wonder at a reply so wholly incomprehensible. Again she appeared, holding in her arms a child between three and four year old.

'Since,' said she, 'you abandon my friend to the peculiar miseries attending the state of a lonely woman, be at least a father to her child, his cries of hunger she must, ere long, hear un-

able to appease. . Oft hath she beseeched your aid, as oft you have spurned her supplications; but though you account resentment a passion worth the cherishing, fall not into injustice; take this boy, snatch it from the calamities you, unpitying, resign his mother to, and by one act of goodness, prove your claim to pardon from irritated Divinity.' I took the child in my arms, else it would have fallen, for the stranger again disappeared.

Astounded with dismay, I lacked the power of utterance. How am I known to Beatchamp's relief? Who is even this Lady Warwick? Perchance some dame of Edward's court, seen by me in happier days; but on what presumption doth she apply to me for succour; why nominate me guardian to her son? Is it that her breast is swayed by sympathetic liberality, for tho' I arrogate not to myself supremacy

over my species; yet, incontrovertibly, more congeniality and latitude exist in minds raised by culture to a certain sphere, than in those untaught, who, belike far more prone to benevolence, move in humbler rounds.

The boy, displeased at being left alone with me, sobbed, and called upon his mother. I held him not, and he slid away. Desirous of obtaining a sight of Lady Warwick, I anxiously marked the child, who, clambering up a flight of stairs, stopt at a small door on the landing. I followed; it was ajar, and cautiously I surveyed an apartment, the gloom of which was enlightened by one small taper. On the bed lay a female form, arrayed in sable; a hand, spotless as the folds enveloping the communion chalice, supported her head, and her moistless eyes were thrown on the ground.

The female I had spoke with sat near, draining the fountain of her tears. On the table I beheld the purse of florences, and beneath the window, on a stand, a coffin rested, covered with a velvet pall.

The young boy, on entering, ran to his mother, and hid his little head in her bosom. Throwing her arm over his shoulder, she pressed him to her, faintly murmuring, ' Will he not look upon thee, my child? Then we will die together !' This mute scene, ere it totally subdued in me all remains of manly fortitude, I interrupted by entering the apartment. Slow and reverentially I approached the bed, and kneeling, strove to speak, but articulation was choaked. She gently raised herself, and sighing deep, fell back in the same position.

If, as her attendant affirmed, she had thrice craved the extension of my notice unminded by me, (yet safely I could answer, never having till now heard her name) methought I should humble myself, though for a faultless error, and clear my name of the reproach she attached to it. Awed with respect, I bowed me before her; and venturing still to approach a pace nearer, my vision caught a faint view of her palid countenance, half-shaded by a black transparency. Amazed, shocked, horror grasped at my heart; I retreated; again leaned forward, and raising the mourning veil, discovered in Lady Warwick my sister Emma. Emma! great God, it was!—life fast evaporating from her angel-form—Emma, sunk in the depth of indigence and affliction! For some moments I could only gaze on the fair form before me, my heart bursting with grief and amazement, ‘Emma,’

cried I at length, 'look up, speak to me, my dear, my ever-loved, my darling sister!'

'Alfred, did you not know me?' said the widow of him who murdered her father Gaveston: 'did you not know it was thy sister called upon thee for support? Ah! brother, the thought of thy being lost to me in love, imparted more the poignancy of anguish to this dying heart, than all that I have endured since our separation.'

Still wrapt in wonder, I asked why she had not claimed me by my fraternal title, why not have informed me that in Warwick's Countess I should meet a lamented sister? 'I did, I did,' replied she: 'when newly widowed I looked to you for consolation; you turned from me: overwhelmed with distress and poverty, I implored your succour; you disowned me, renounced

me for ever, and even uttered an imprecation on my name.'

Chaucer, you who so well know the foregoing circumstances of my life, may judge what I felt at hearing an accusation which, had it come from any other lips, I should have deemed most false, audacious, and malign.

Edith, as the child called my loved Emma's companion, begged me not to wound her by further interrogatories; but defer the hearing of a recital of distresses, she now perceived was interwoven with the threads of treachery, to some future period.

Fondly professing unceasing affection to my restored Emma, I mentioned my union with her former friend, Blanche, adding, if Heaven permitted, we would part no more, but at St.

Urban's her remaining days should glide in love and happiness.

As I could take no steps towards our departure for Ireland until the corpse of Warwick was interred, I prepared for Shrewsbury monastery, where, as he himself had willed, his remains were to be deposited.

Our procession was met in the cloisters by the holy brethren of St. Saviour's, who, shame to their functions, shame to their order, shame to Christianity, before they acquiesced to its interment, reckoned the number of pieces that purchased consecrated ground with the exactness of covetous dealers! But as the practice was founded on the customs of this minster, built by Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, in the thirteenth year of the Conqueror, the tint of



shame coloured some the fronts of the
uninterested spectators.

As the moment approached of committing the body to the earth, Emma grew proportionably agitated. My persuasions for her to remain with Edith and the child during the ceremonies, had been of no avail, the workings of Providence demanded that she should be fortified in persistence to tender this last proof of conjugal affection, and by it, ah! what a train of woes crowded over each other!

In the opinion that she was thoroughly acquainted with the ceremonies used at the burial of the dead, I apprised her not, that prior to the corpse being granted religious honors, it must first be minutely examined. On hearing the order for the coffin to be opened, she tremblingly asked whether this form was indispensable?

he Abbot, called to preside at the obsequies of the departed, meekly replied, ' That the established rules required them first to inspect what they intrusted to sacred ground. ' Wherefore,' replied my fainting sister, ' what exceptions do you make ?' ' Should there be marks on the body,' returned the Abbot, ' importing that death came uncalled, inquiries are set on foot to learn whether the deceased owed his demise to murder; if so, the homicide must be brought to punishment, and the corpse will then be allowed ritual honours; but should it be proved that suicide terminated his existence, nor ritual honours nor consecrated earth are granted, no benediction is pronounced, no godly requiems are conferred.' ' Oh devoted husband!' exclaimed Emma. Then turning from the universal gaze, she whispering, begged of me to let the men take up the coffin, and bear it away.

The Abbot overhearing her, and concluding by the terror she displayed, that the deceased had not died a natural death, exclaimed aloud, 'that we should not be suffered to depart, for that it was apparent a deed of blood had been committed.' The friars crouded round, and in the presence of the Abbot and the community, an appointed hireling began the removal of the lid: each stroke of the instrument struck upon the heart of Emma. 'Forbear,' she cried, 'to insult the manes of the dead.' But perceiving that the corpse was disclosed to view, she again sunk senseless. Whilst supporting her in my arms, I advanced. They raised a fold of white linen that covered the face. A groan of horror issued from the breast of each by-stander. The skin was of the blackest hue: swelled to a height that the lids refused to cover them, stared the glazed balls of

vision; from the mouth still trickled a green liquid, the hair fell off at the slightest touch, and on a monk pressing the flesh with his finger, it gave way, forming a hideous chasm.

‘A brother of St. Saviour’s, professing the art of surgery, now entering, at a glance declared the deceased to have died a violent death, and that death to have been caused by poison. ‘List!’ said the prior, addressing me, ‘this man either casually imbibed the venom, murder cut him off, or he fell by suicide; here we must detain you until it can be ascertained, beyond the shadow of doubt, which of these choked the fount of being.’ He waved his hand, and we were conducted to the Refectory; where, when alone, I gave loose to the thousand maddening ideas that floated on my brain. Why should Emma have concealed this dire

calamity, thereby suffering the shock to fall upon me sudden and unprepared? I spoke to her, she noticed me not; but at the entrance of a holy brother, she flew towards him, asking what had they done with the corpse? He sternly enjoined silence; at which, shrinking from his scrutinizing frown, she sunk on her knees in penitential sorrow. The monk turning to me, asked 'How came Lord Warwick by his death?' and on my professing my entire ignorance of the smallest circumstances attending the melancholy catastrophe, he demanded of Emma, with an asperity that filled her with affright, 'Whether it was caused by accident?' Truth hung on her lips, and she cried, 'No, no.' 'It was then premeditated,' rejoined the friar; did he himself administer the mortal drug?' She panted for breath, raised her eyes to heaven, and breathed a 'Yes.'

He paused, then, 'Daughter,' said he, when thou hast taken thy oath to this effect at the altar of thy Redeemer, thou mayest quit St. Saviour's in peace, but bear the body with thee, and bury it where thou canst; the remains of him that rushes uncited before the throne of Almighty puissance, are unsanctified, his soul is not with God; and traverse through the realm, thou wilt meet none that will inter a self-made corpse in sacred earth !'

Brought up in the strictest adherence to every religious form, Emma, at the hearing of this, burst into a raging fit of grief, exclaiming, ' Oh my loved lord, my husband ! inexorable man, wreak on me your vengeance, it was I that murdered him !' The monk but staid to hear her condemnation, and left the room. The words had harrowed up my faculties, and I could only gaze at her as kneeling. She

raised her clasped hands athwart her breast, 'Yes,' continued the weeping sinner, 'I was his murderer, for had I not used him with the baseness of ingratitude, he would never have taken the fatal draught.' 'Tell me, Emma,' cried I, recovering, 'distract me not by these wild alarms, tell me, I conjure you, did he commit suicide?' 'Suicide! ah, no,' replied she, mournfully 'my child knows it was not thus; but wherefore did the guileful Warwick deceive me? I never wedded him, it was Fauconberg to whom I was united. I am not Lord Warwick's wife, but Harold Fauconberg's.'

Her reason had again strayed, again insensibility came over her; she wept not, but she smiled, a smile that unmanned me. The monks now rushed in in clamour, one of whom exclaimed, 'That alien of the church has accused herself, apprehend her. Keep them

separate; bear away the murderess.' They dragged her from the ground, I caught her by the raiment, and attempted to hold her, which they, to prevent, unfastened it at the shoulder, and tearing her from me, left the garment in my hand. A blow, indignation at this inhuman violence practised on the person of my darling Emma prompted me to aim at him who had first raised his sacrilegious hand against her, was, by the interference of the Abbot, who elevated a crucifix before me, received on the consecrated body.

This outrageous act of profanity created universal resentment, and ere I could recover myself from the disorder into which this luckless incident had thrown me, I was laid hold of by the monks, who haled me through the cloisters, nor stopped until they came to a flight of steps; descending,

they unlocked a gateway and thrust me in.

It was a stone vault, dreary, damp, and lightless. On the earth lay my sorrowing sister; she was more composed, but her distraction shortly after taking another turn, a lethargy spread its influence over her mind, in which respiration alone convinced me that she lived. And this, I mused, is charity; even self-accusation can scarce justify the inhuman treatment thou hast met with; thy name joined to that of murderess, trailed along the earth with boisterous fury, precipitated into a living tomb; thy tender limbs, delicately unable to burst a silken band, bound with ropes of strength; and yet, my sister, thou art innocent; hadst thou been a branded wretch, void of shame, and loaded with every ignominy that the law might inflict, could

These men of God have used thee with
more barbarity than they have ?

An iron grated door opening into
the cemetery, caught my attention.
This sepulchral ground, that appeared
to have been once canopied by the firmament,
was now covered by a high
crowned dome, in which were apertures
to admit the light. The most con-
spicuous of the monuments was one of
white marble, surmounted with a cur-
tain, held up by winged boys; on the
top an urn was shaded by falling wil-
lows; the mausoleum, on the whole,
was noble, superb, and magnificent.
The smaller tombs seemed as if meant
not to exhibit to advantage the mag-
nitude and grandeur of this. On a
slab of stone, edged by a civic crown,
was, as I conjectured, the name of the
deceased; which to learn, I approached.

IN 5
...

the grated work, and with no small surprise read,

Sacred to

PIERCE GAVESTON.

Raised to his memory by Edward of Caernarvon,
King of England.

This testimony of Edward's friendship for my father affected me much. Ill-fated parent of an hapless offspring! Again the doors were thrown open, and several of the monks appeared. 'We have registered the adjuration of the woman you mentioned,' said the foremost; (for as truth could not be called from the ravings of insanity, I had referred them for particulars to Edith) 'and have gathered from her circumstances whereby it is proved that the Earl of Warwick, in a paroxysm of despair, drank the death of his own accord. Thus cleared, you must instantly depart, and take hence the corpse; the sum you put into the

the prior's hands for the burial of the dead, being retained as a lenient commutation for the daring act of impiety you were guilty of. Go, quit these sanctified walls, and repent.'

They freed my sister's arms of the cords that bound them. Two laymen advanced, bearing the coffin. With the chilling indifference of conscious superiority in unshaken rectitude, a friar unbarred the iron-grated door leading to the cemetery, saying, 'we must take the private way, not being permitted to return through the interior recesses of the monastery.' I raised my Emma from her seat, and bore her forward, the men following, carrying the corpse. Having traversed the burying-ground to a gate opening into the public road, they laid their burden without the threshold, and retired with the monks by the same way they came.

Our conductor, a novice of the order of St. Saviour, motioned us to be gone; but as we passed our father's tomb, the eyes of Emma rested on the golden letters of 'Pierce Gaveston.' She struggled, and escaping from my hold, sprung to the mausoleum, glewing her lips to the worshipped name. Her agonies, her tears, her saint-like presence, softened the hardened nerves of the monk, and he questioned, with tenderness in his look, what concern she had in him that was there interred? I replied by acquainting him that Gaveston was our father; and asked, did the ashes of England's favourite rest in that repository? 'Yes,' replied he, 'those steps descend to the vault where, in funeral pomp, lie the remains of Gaveston, removed a few years since from Langley Monastery in Hertfordshire.'

Emma, in the phrenzy of delirium, persisted in visiting her father's shrine: his resolution I endeavoured to combat, but perceiving the thwarting her wish rather increased it, and my desires leaning to the same point, I requested the friar to indulge and suffer us to put up prayers to Heaven over our parent's sanctified remains. The community being then assembled at Tierce, he consented; but exacted my word of fidelity that I would not stay beyond a few minutes.

We descended a sweep of steps; he unlocked the funeral doors; the walls were hung with sable serge, and illuminated by never-dying lamps; in the centre of a mosaic marble flooring rose a majestic tomb, on which was placed, covered with a pall, a coffin that enclosed the mouldering relics of Gaveston.

We entered hand in hand, and kneeling, impressed with devout sensations of mingled sadness and solemnity, addressed our prayers to God. The father now engrossed my Emma's imagination, and whilst gazing at the shrine that treasured the decaying bones of a parent, Warwick, her child, the world, were all forgot. Ere we finally departed, anxious to kiss the covering thrown over the ashes of her father, she bent forward in reverential obeisance, when, as slowly raising the sable pall to her lips, a something invisible, as proceeding from the coffin, struck her a blow on the breast—she staggered back, and fell in my arms.

Already wore down and effeminated by the scene I had gone through in the monastery, nearly giving credit to magic, or supposing that supernatural means had caused this terrific effect, I fled with my precious burthen, and

gained the height of the steps. The monk, on witnessing her situation, and my undissembled alarm, interrogated me as to what had occasioned them? I explained. 'Are you so ignorant,' rejoined he, 'as not to know that miracles innumerable have been performed at thy father's tomb? On the commemoration of his nativity and martyrdom numbers flock from all parts of the realm for cure of disease, or the craving the mediation of the sainted Gaveston with the Almighty. Yet we have a belief current amongst us, that whosoever draws nigh the tomb with a guilt-stained conscience, some memorable sign never fails to reveal the hidden crime, and stamp upon the wicked everlasting opprobrium.'


I prized to veneration my parent's memory, yet was not so blind as to give credit to these fallacious monkish

tales, invented but to set the vulgar mind astray. As, in probability, I might never visit this spot again, willing to unmask the hypocrisy of ecclesiastical artifice, I expressed the utmost remorse for having quitted the sacred spot under the influence of fear, and intreated of him one moment more to invoke the benediction of my heaven-enthroned sire; but dispensing with his reply, I again descended and entered the vault.

On lifting the pall, I beheld a curved wire, which, being fastened to a loose slip of board, on raising the covering, mechanically gave way in a sudden spring. Impressed with indignant and awful sensations at the servants of God, instead of enlightening the perception of those whose morals they pretended to shape, thus to delude them into an idolatrous species of worship, and encrust their minds with the darkness of

igotry, I re-ascended, and returning my grateful thanks to the obliging, though fanatic monk, I took my sister to my heart, and stepped without the gate, which was instantly closed by the friar, who, at parting, bestowed on us his benediction.

Eagerly I looked to right and left adown the road, but saw none whom I could dispatch to the inn, with purpose to have the coffin transported thither. It was highly necessary that immediate medical skill should be procured for Emma; and yet leaving the dead beneath the churlish walls, subject to the animadversions of those that might pass by in the interim, was an idea my soul recoiled from: yet as I distinguished not the shadow of human aid, and dreading lest that the most fatal consequences might accrue from this long suspension of animation in my Emma, I hesitated no more on



what course to take; but went directly towards the Falcon, where at the door stood Edith, solicitously watching our return.

I resigned my sister to her direction, and engaged two men to go back with me to the place where I had left the coffin. Lord Suffolk, whose residence was within view, inspired me with the thought (conscious of that nobleman's expansion of mind, condemning the sordid insignificance of prejudice) to reveal to him the foregoing particulars, and crave his permission to have the corpse interred in the private burial-ground of his chapel. But in this I rather aimed at fulfilling the duty of respect I owed my sister's husband than any degradation or evil that I considered would be attached to the name or ethereal essence of the deceased, had his bones been deposited in unconsecrated earth. The confines

If Satan must, indeed, be bounded by immensity, if, as the cabalistical re-
cluse intimated, each soul, over whose
corporeal part had not been read the
blessing of the priesthood, gains not
admittance into Heaven:—what did
unfortunate man ere the existence of
sacerdocy, or the raising these vaunted
receptacles of the religious? God, on
pronouncing the fiat that gave birth to
creation, blessed his works, and how
can the words of man encrease the
sanctity of that primarily made hal-
lowed by the divine fount of holi-
ness?


The once mighty Beauchamp left
to incorporate with the soil from
whence he sprung, Suffolk having ac-
ceded to my request, I hastened back
to the Falcon. Emma still lay sunk in
insensibility. I leaned by the bed, hang-
ing over my departing love; for the
paleness of death sat upon her counte-

nance: the last shock having rent to atoms the delicate texture of her frame, deranged the vital powers, and caused a revolution through the whole system that momentarily threatened a stop to the organs of life.

The eyes that though before had lost much of their sparkling intelligence still retained a languid lustre, were now eclipsed, and looked a blue opaque. On shewing signs of returning animation, the only sentence that sprung from her bosom was a constant repetition of, 'My father struck me!'—Cursing the folly of deluding priestcraft, I endeavoured to explain to her what she took as an awful instance of supernatural retribution for having united herself to the slayer of the author of her being: but the unvaried answer consisted in, 'My father struck me!' With unutterable woe I watched a face death was disrobing of every vi-

scious or expressive charm. She saw neither Edith nor me; but, cant and motionless, still mournfully culated, ' My father struck me !'

Young Harold, whom I had desired be kept away, now ran in, calling on s mother. The beloved sound struck pon the chords of reason, and they ibrated to maternal ecstasy; life again radiated her eyes, and tinged her omplexion with the pale blush of the irgin rose: she snatched her precious arling to her heart, decking his curlng tresses with liquid gems, then pressing him to her breast, she sighed, und dropped upon the pillow. This sudden transition I hoped might prove in the end beneficial, by setting afloat the blood before congealing in her veins. The child talked to her, smiled through his tears, stroked her face, and played with her hair. Imploring



Heaven to shed over her the dews of sleep, I closed the curtains, and withdrew with Edith to the farther end of the apartment.

At length the surgeon, that had been sent for, came. I told him slightly the circumstances that had reduced her to her present state, adding, that I feared extreme fright had given an irremediable blow. He replied, that the effect of terror was indeed a most obdurate disease, and approaching the bed, I drew back the curtains. The child was still diverting himself in toying with her beautiful locks of hair; but she remained in the same position as when I left her. The physician examined her features, put his hand on her heart, felt her pulse, and to my eager enquiries of what hopes I might entertain of her recovery? replied, that she had been a corpse nearly twenty minutes.

A bolt of thunder would have been more welcome —She was gone! truly one! past recall! her immaculate spirit rested in immortality! The limbs were stiffening round the child: we drew him away; and shortly after the physician took his leave.

When restored to the power of thinking, I sent to St. Saviour's, informing the fraternity of the natural, though sudden death of Gaveston's daughter, Emma, wife of Warwick's Lord, demanding whether they would suffer the body to be laid in the mausoleum with my father's. To this I received an assenting reply, mixed with some few condolences; and the usual time elapsed, Edith, young Harold, and myself, attended this dear friend, the youthful mother, and my idolized sister, to her early tomb.

I cannot, Chaucer, dwell upon this theme.—With hearts well stored with

sorrow we bent our thoughts on Ireland; intending first to proceed to Winchester, there to seek Vincent, for whom both Stratton and I retained a strong partiality. I sent for David, to give him a few commissions that I wished executed anterior to my departure; but after repeated messages, I was informed by the worthy woman of the Falcon that he was importantly engaged, and could not meet me. Provoked at this audacious disobedience to all order, I repaired to the public apartment of the inn, where it was told me I might find him; and there indeed he sat, wholly engrossed by a game of chess with one of Lord Suffolk's retinue; both were surrounded by parties of countrymen and rustics, who, though they were totally ignorant of the play, stood looking on and encouraging the several combatants. I called to David, directing him to have the horses in readiness; but as encountering a chess-adept was to him an *ad-*

entia bona not to be slighted, he heeded no more my voice than that of the Falcon's mistress, who shrieked in his ears to leave off, and regardless of all but the gratifying his inclinations, he commenced a fresh game.

Exasperated at this consummate insolence, I clapped my hand on his shoulder, with intent to force him to his duty; but he shook off my hold by drawing out in array an army of dæmons, and obstinately persisted in his humour. Time was now invaluable: I hired a youth from the inn, and regretting much the not having left David at St. Urban's, and taken with me Roland, I set off for Winchester Castle.

Here, as I flattered myself in the expectation, I found Vincent and his aged father Brownlow. The latter, debilitated and oppressed with ails,

placed his all of comfort in the assiduous kindness of his fond son : that son, though now in the full bloom and vigour of manhood, in the smiles of his loved father, enjoyed, as far as the compare may be permitted, the rapture inexpressible which seraphs feel when before the throne of Wisdom : though the pains that cramped the limbs of the enfeebled sire oft fell in torturing stings on the heart of the son. Vincent was the venerable Brownlow's sole companion : he administered every requisite, watched over his broken slumbers, alleviated sorrow by participation, fed him from his hand, revived his drooping spirits with vivid converse ; nor breathed content but when employed in offices about his person. Ah ! what a contrast in this excellent young man and the profligate Eustace ! How amply hath Vincent fulfilled the prophetic promises Stratton gave of him when a boy !

icious or expressive charm. She knew neither Edith nor me; but, vacant and motionless, still mournfully articulated, ' My father struck me !'

Young Harold, whom I had desired to be kept away, now ran in, calling on his mother. The beloved sound struck upon the chords of reason, and they vibrated to maternal ecstasy; life again irradiated her eyes, and tinged her complexion with the pale blush of the virgin rose: she snatched her precious darling to her heart, decking his curling tresses with liquid gems, then pressed him to her breast, she sighed, and lay down upon the pillow. This sudden vision I hoped might prove beneficial, by setting afloat the ice congealing in her veins. She smiled to her, and her face, glowing

I returned to Shrewsbury; and a few weeks after arrived with Edith, my nephew, and David Powdras, at the Abbey.

Blanche clasped to her bosom her beloved Emma's child with benign tenderness: in her the poor orphan found a mother—brothers in my Reginald and Theodoric—and in Stratton a friend and preceptor. Daily I beheld my inestimable charge increase in stature, in grace, in virtue: his capacities were extensive; his ear ever open to precept, and his heart capacious to benevolence. Here let me pause, and, in Edith's unstudied words, give thee the substance of what befell my Emma from the memorable day of the trembling of the earth to our last meeting.

CHAP. X.

THE ANTHEMS.

'AT the time of Emma's entering the nunnery of Sion, I was, at the invitation of the abbess, an occasional visitant. The grief arising from her mother's death, and the unfortunate termination of your and Lord Lancaster's opposition to the royal forces, preyed on her spirits, and gave serious apprehensions for her health. My not having embraced the holy order, together with a sympathy which I shall ever vaunt with pride, made her select me from the many that courted her notice, and my bosom was the receptacle of her most secret thoughts.

• The abbess dying, a report went that the Princess Johanna, daughter to Edward, King of England, who, you may remember, was at Kenilworth during the siege, as she was designed for a monastic life, would fill the vacancy. So it proved. Johanna entered Sion; and the day was named for the ceremony of the benediction.

• Emma, whose voice in taste and execution surpassed all competition as does the sleepless bird of melody her fellow-citizens of the grove, was chosen, at the instance of the young abbess, to hymn "*Jubilate Deo*" at mass. The hour came; the curtains were undrawn, and displayed the exterior church, thronged by the concourse that had flocked from the neighbouring towns to witness this august and solemn ceremony. The nuns hid themselves from worldly gaze by draw-

ng down the sable shade, and Emma, clothed in white, ascended the steps of the ambo erected for the choristers.

• The superiority of her vocal powers, the timidity that manifested itself in excessive trembling, and the majestic loveliness of her form, for her face was hid from view, created a murmur of admiration that, issuing from the breast of every spectator, swept along the dome.

• I, as a secular, having the liberty of unrestrained vision, threw my eyes upon the outward church, and distinguished a man, clothed in a purple garment, seated near the rails. Long entranced in silent amazement, he gazed on the fair warbler; but at a passage, wherein the voice swelled to a soar of exquisite melody, he burst into a cry that attracted general attention, and brought a severe reproof

from the officiating priest. Emma strove to continue; but though the sound retained its native sweetness, it had lost its force. Unable to conclude, she retired from the ambo, and shortly after glided out of the chapel.

• The succeeding day, at vespers, the curtain being again open, and the outward church filled, she was nominated to chaunt "*Gloria in excelsis*;" this she went through to the enravishment of her hearers. I in vain looked for the stranger. The service went on until the "*Cantate Domine*;" we anxiously expected the young novice Clement; but in lieu of him a man in black approached, and took the tendered leaf.

• To give you an idea of the matchless excellence of the strains, the harmony of the sound, the enrapturing modulation, and the awful swell, is far

ove the explanatory power of words. Emma's thrilling lay alone could rival his; his ecstatic tones alone could and a compare with Emma's symphonies. Modestly unconscious of the captivating magic centered in her angelic breath, yet partial to excess to the soul-enslaving powers of music, she drank, in copious draughts, the delicious poison of his voice, and from that day peace and tranquillity fled the breast of thy sister.

* The purpled stranger, punctual in attendance, obtained the name of being the godliest of the congregation. The third day in the passion week, a recluse having mentioned to me her wish that I would prepare the vestry and confessional chamber for the next morn's shrift; I prevailed on Emma to accompany me, as methought she might derive amusement from surveying the priestly garments and the holy

trappings of the communion-table.—
Passing the iron grate in the body of
the chancel, the curtain was suddenly
drawn, and we beheld the stranger.—
Emma, terrified, made to the sacristy,
whither I was following her, when he,
extending his hand towards the mystic
triangle over the altar, exclaimed,
“by yon sacred type of the blessed
Trinity, my thoughts are as pure as
white-robed Faith. Tell me, and I will
no more haunt these parts, what is her
name?” Ere I could check myself,
“Emma Gaveston” escaped, never to
be recalled. The blood mantled in his
front: raising his eyes to Heaven, he
dashed the curtain from his hand, and
rushed out at the door. On acquaint-
ing Emma with my indiscretion, and
how the stranger had received it, she
felt displeased; but solemnly affirmed
that till that instant she had never be-
fore seen him.

‘The tidings of Lord Lancaster’s death were broke to her by Monica. She wept for him, ’tis true; but a transport of melody had greater influence over the mind of Emma, than the tedious process of long-standing suits, and the force of eloquence.

‘ The ensuing morn she, with you, my Lord, quitted Sion; to the general regret of the sisterhood, and with her took the stolen moiety of my heart. Three months fled, and I was given a letter from my young friend, desiring to see me at Pontefract. I tarried not an hour; but filled with pleasure at the thought of again seeing one so dear to me, accompanied by the messenger she had dispatched, I arrived at the residence, which, wholly ignorant of what had befallen her since our separation, I concluded to be yours. Emma met me at the entrance of her apartment, and threw herself into my em-

braces: thus knitting the elastic band of friendship our absence had outstretched.

Impatiently I asked to see her brother, Lord Cornwall, whom, I understood by report, had lost his manor of Clenville in the late earthquake. Ere she could reply, the door opened, and the purple-clad stranger, now attired in a habit that bespoke a rank of eminence, entered, and was presented to me by Emma as her husband, Harold Fauconberg. He blushed at the first introduction; but in the ease of politeness his constraint soon wore away.

Again alone, I expressed my surprise that you were not with her: upon which, in the candour of innocence, Emma opened to me her heart. Fauconberg, long on the watch round Clenville previous to the earthquake,

At the first intimation of the spreading anger, ran to the saloon, where yourself and guests were assembled in festive merriment, with purpose to warn those he met, by acquainting them that the shock had been felt in different parts of Wiltshire, and it was to be dreaded the evil would speedily extend to this quarter. On your leaving your sister in the grove, to return and succour the helpless infant that had fallen on the side of the rivulet, Harold, who had traced you from the house, and now marked what passed, rushed forward, and bore Emma from the spot. Thus he not only snatched her from instant death, the ground sinking before he could scarce clear it, but he was enabled to prosecute to the full his treasured scheme.

Transported at this sudden stroke of fortune, from Clenville he removed her to Pontefract, where, by a series

of respectful deference and ardent protestation, he gained the consent of the young, the guileless, and inexperienced Emma, for a marriage to be solemnized previous to her again beholding her brother; at the same time he bound himself, by the firmest asseveration, to restore her to him when that the church had put it beyond his endeavours to separate them, should the union be uncongenial to his wishes.

The ceremony concluded, she expressed her desire, as he had promised, of returning to Clenville. Then began he his subtle manoeuvres, with hasty startings, lowly looks, deep-fetched groans, and sentences replete with tender affection, a base, a thieving hypocrite! Honour to him was the flower of fancy, which, when faded by the burning breath of his uncontrolled passions, he threw aside unminded. Conscious that she was dead to you,

he doubled the *ruse*, and calling forth all his admirable talents of dissimulation, he gave her to understand that you had perished in the earthquake, being overwhelmed among the ruins of Clenville. This, he said, he had purposely delayed acquainting her with, lest that the affliction for your loss might retard his bliss, until the intervention of fate which might sever them forever.

Although she regarded Fauconberg with gratitude, as the saviour of her life, and though she now felt for him as her husband, the fierceness of integrity prompted her to a rebuke, in censure of the duplicity of his conduct. This proof of the uprightness of her principles endeared her the more to him; constantly in dread that she should yet learn by any wise that you were still living, still in terror lest that you might yet trace her to existence,

he suffered her not from his sight; a stranger spoke not to her except in his presence, her letters, unconscious of it herself, were first perused by him; nay, even on some specious pretence, but in reality to elude the probability of your getting intelligence of Emma, or her discovering that his name was not Harold Fauconberg, he proposed to her to quit the kingdom; yet on perceiving the grief the bare idea imparted, he relinquished it.

Not long, and I became the object of his suspicions, he saw that he was far from being esteemed by me, for this distrustful procedure instilled doubts that he had hazarded playing a dishonest game; and though I doated on my young friend, my peace of mind forbade a further stay under one roof with Fauconberg; but on mentioning my intention of returning to Sion, with an unmanly stretch of lawless insolence

I tyranny, scarce to be believed, he protested against my going, adding, bitterly I should repent the quitting doors." Thus did the refined, the polished courtier, and the fond husband, degenerate into a brutal ruffian and a domestic tyrant. I had no friends, no relatives, whose interference I could challenge or protection claim, and at once, subdued by his threats, but more by Emma's prayers, I assumed a placid outside, and consented to prolong my stay.

"Thy sister, all benign and meek, attributed what she discerned of mistrust and harshness in her captious and irritable Lord to excess of tenderness, calming the furious exuberances of his peevish temper, and appeasing the hurricane of his wrath, that now burst out at very trifles; by the sweet strains that first entrapped his notice,

or extending to him for paternal caresses the cherub babe, young Harold.

It was in the fifth year of the present King, when a report was circulated that the Barons of the realm, tracing nobility three generations, were to be cited to the parliament to be holden at Glastonbury, on neglect of which, confiscation of property would be adjudged. This was to Fauconberg a perplexing dilemma; did he not attend the senate as Earl of Warwick, for Harold Fauconberg was but his name to Emma, his possessions were sequestered, and if he did, he feared it might come to her ear; thus producing, to his shame, a full discovery; and on the other hand, should it be imagined that he was dead, having no acknowledged issue, his wealth still, unconditionally, reverted to the crown. At length, he came to the resolution, whilst he repaired

the royal meeting, of converting his residence into a prison, and setting sentries and guards on Emma and myself. His determination embraced, he left his study, to commune with a friend living a few yards distant, and in the interim a small packet was brought, directed, "Harold Fauconberg:" The domestic maid laid it on the table and withdrew. Oppressed with an acute pain in her head, Emma proposed a stroll on the lawn before the mansion, to which I readily acquiesced. On returning to the room, after a saunter of half an hour, we found young Harold seated on the floor, deliberately tearing in shreds the paper that had enveloped the packet; by his side lay a folded parchment, destined to undergo the like usage. Emma, smiling, stooped to rescue it from destruction, when, accidentally, her eyes caught, written in large letters on the back, "Edward of Windsor, Sovereign of England,

&c. to William Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, resident at Pontefract, by the name of Harold Fauconberg."

' A cold shiver seized on the frame of your sister; she saw in her husband the murderer of her father, and without a sigh, swooned in my arms. At that moment he appeared at the entrance. Alarmed at the sight of his wife, senseless and inanimate, he was about to snatch her from me, when the fatal scroll met his glance.

' Comprehending the direful truth, he sunk motionless in a chair. Her first words, her first look, on recovering,—the former a groan of "detested Warwick!" the latter, the beam of abhorrence and reproach, kindled within him sorrow undescribable. In one moment, from the object of her regard, to become offensive to her presence!

When he stormed with the rantings of a senseless mind; now conjured her pardon, pleading the ardency of his affection, which had prompted him to purchase her by treachery. Emma, whose heart convicted her not of an intentional crime, resumed the calmness of serenity, and turning herself a suppliant, beseeched him, by every tender tie, to soothe the wild tumults that agitated his breast. But penetration and the crafty turn of his mind prevented his ever being deceived, he saw disgust, declining attention, and even revolting chillness through the mask of complacency and gentle resignation he assumed; he had, to gain her, sacrificed all pretensions to honour, and now that he had lost her confidence, life became indifferent to him.

Emma still retained the indulgent partiality of a wife, yet looking on

Warwick as a man debased, by tampering in artful intrigues, her sense of purity made her shudder at his image; his circumspection now, in part, needless, he wasted hours in silent musing; no longer paying her the usual tributes of respectful duty, he often wholly absented himself, and when with her, was restless, gloomy, and unsocial.

This was the anniversary of young Harold's birth, and on this auspicious day, the extinguished torch relighted in love's genial flame. Towards night the child, who had sat up longer than his accustomed time of being put to rest, dropt in sleep upon his mother's knee. Sweet Emma! artless and pure as the babe on which she smiled, was carolling forth the sprightly lays of unison, when a loud clamour in the hall below made Warwick, ever alive to apprehensions, arise and call Fabian, to enquire the

8. Fabian answered, "that a man had been found in the stables, whom it was suspected had secreted himself with no honest motives." Warwick would have ordered him to be retained in custody until he had leisure to examine the circumstances; but on Emma remarking that they might be wrong in their surmises; and shewing some inclination to see the man, he was brought by Fabian; already prepared with an extenuating tale, Warwick's questions did not embarrass him. He described himself as a forlorn mendicant, destitute of friends, home, or means of subsistence, and, indeed, his tattered clothing and meagre appearance fully made good his words. "What is thy name and country?" asked the Earl.

Eustace de Erickblane, Swedish born," returned the stranger. "In whose service were you last?" said Warwick. He hesitated, then falteringly replied, "The Earl of Cornwall's."

‘The sickening languor that came over Beauchamp made him stagger to a seat, expecting that the next words from either his wife or Eustace would fill his cup of misery. From the sternness of authoritative integrity, he sat the image of remorse and despair.

‘Emma, in fainting perturbation, asked what Earl of Cornwall? “Alfred Gaveston,” replied the man, and if I do not err, Lady, many years back at Kenilworth Castle, I saw you.” “Tell me,” cried Emma, “is my brother living?” “He is,” rejoined Eustace, “but is under the delusion that you perished at the earthquake. He has wedded the Lady Blanche de Montford, and resides at St. Urban’s, in the north of Ireland, but to my certain knowledge, he went through Pontefract, a few days since, for Hunt-

ngdon, as summoned to the royal
arliament."

"Thy sister raised her dewy eyes to heaven, then bent them on her husband. I saw the storm gathering, and bade the man retire. A space of unbroken silence ensued; then, in the timid voice of mild upbraiding, "Warwick," said she, "you have used me *kindly*." Starting up, he flew into an adjoining cabinet, and instantly returning, paced the room with frantic rapidity. "Reproaches," exclaimed he, "I will not, cannot bear." The whirlwind of anger frowned upon his brow. Appalled by the ferocity of his gestures, intimidated and awed by the reflection that it was her consort she thus hurried on to the last stage of desperation, Emma committed the child to me, and throwing herself on her knees before him, wept in soothing

fluttering accents, "Reproach! no, my honoured Lord, far be reproach from me, quiet these alarms, and list; whilst I breathe, never will I seek my brother; never undeceive him as to my death; nay, I will avoid him, fly with thee wheresoever thou wilt'st, do what thy judgment dictates, frame my desires by thine; any sacrifice, rather than by your meeting, cause one moment of uneasiness to my loved relatives."

She spoke, she kissed his hand; but insensible to his blessed wife's virtuous resolve, he turned aside his head. I leaned forward; adown his face rolled the drop of gratitude. But ah! how distorted his features, convulsed his limbs, and sable-tinged his skin—every horrid symptom fast appeared of his having swallowed the mortal draught! Rash, irritable, luckless man! at once

the impious destroyer of himself, his wife, his child !

‘ Emma watched the coming dissolution with heroic firmness, nor could she be separated from her lord, who, though speechless, spoke with glances that ceased not to implore her pity and forgiveness. The effects of the poison spread over the face and hands in unseemly bloatings; the convulsions increased, excruciating spasms came on, the united strength of the domestics could not hold him, the flesh turned black, the eyes started, he struggled, and expired !

‘ Thus died Warwick, a martyr to his unquiet imagination and the workings of his unsubdued passions, to gratify which, he had involved in misery the object of his adoration ! I commiserated him, and inourned over the in-

jured Emma, who, to the last, performed the meritorious duties of a wife, bordering on excellence. No swooning shrieks or delirium succeeded his demise; she would have renounced the height of sublunary happiness to have preserved him; but now that he was no more, her life belonged to her darling infant.

• Warwick not having answered Edward's citation, nor given in the required excuse for absence, his lands and revenues were confiscated to the crown; whereby his relict and her helpless orphan were left completely destitute. On being informed of the state of her affairs, she retrenched the household expences, and dismissed the whole of the equipages and retinue, excepting Eustace; him she retained in consideration of his having been once your's. Every requisite as to

thing and its appendages she bestowed on him; and liberally rewarded the discarded suite; what remained of her pecunie was therefore barely sufficient to defray the expences of the interment, which, by a written paper found on the Earl's person, he directed should be at Shrewsbury. Understanding from public report that you were at Cheene, with his Highness, your sister instantly dispatched Eustace to break the tidings to you of her being still alive, and give you a sketch of the events since your disunion, requesting, at the same time, your immediate presence at Pontefract. Eustace came back with the sad and unwelcome intelligence, that on revealing his commission, you had expressed much wonder, but more indignation, and dismissed him with the answer, that you acknowledged none of the name of Warwick.

‘ Think of what poor Emma suffered at the hearing this cruel replication from the once fond brother ! Again, and a third time, she sent Eustace with letters filled with the humblest supplications, calling upon you by the dear fraternal title, to extend your hand, and rescue her from the horrors of desertion ; but Eustace, with exhausted patience, brought back your final determination of nourishing eternal resentment against her, that had sacrilegiously united herself to the slayer of her father.

‘ As the corpse could not be kept any longer without impropriety and danger, we began our melancholy journey to Shrewsbury, the expences of which drained us of all current means. We stopt in our way at the Falcon, and Eustace was desired to inquire at the Minster, whether they

ould allow the body of a departed yman, mentioning his name and title, be committed to the earth, and take lieu of specie, as the fees of burial, jewels, and other small effects of value? The reply was, that this being against the rules of the order, they could not agree to her proposition, neither could they receive a corpse excepting that of an ecclesiastic, ere the necessary expences were defrayed.

Emma then gave unto Eustace, as he had on various instances shewn himself faithful and upright, the casket of gems presented to her on her nuptials by Warwick; commissioning him to repair to London, and at a goldsmith's of eminence exchange them for specie. Day crowded over day, but no Eustace came. Still in anxious expectation we mourned for his return; but the unprincipled villain, whom

Emma had nourished in her house, fed from her table, clothed, and placed confidence in, dazzled by the prize my imprudence suffered him to be entrusted with, returned to us no more. Thus were we situated, no hope of relief at hand.

Emma proposed, when that the corpse was entombed, to throw herself on the justice and benignity of the Sovereign who had bereft her of the means of life, and crave a small subsistence for herself and child, that might free her from the necessity of again applying to you, or any of her husband's relations; but the facilitating this seemed impracticable. Warwick's wish there to be laid at rest, she held as sacred, and yet were the monks inexorable. The owner of the house intimated to me that she wished for the room we were in to accommodate

ual guests; and we beheld before
nothing but despair and misery;
ur coming turned the course of woe,
d excess of sorrow robbed us of the
rest flower that e'er the breath of
aven blew upon.'

CHAP. XI.

THE WEARY TRAVELLER.


BLESSED in the circle of my family, the only alloy to present happiness was the thought of being deprived of my nephew. The warlike Edward looked upon the youths of England as his proper children, whom he designed should be reared in the school of arms, early to imbibe the aspiring spirit of martial emulation. Understanding, (for no transaction of any moment throughout his dominions was hid from him) that I educated Beauchamp's son in obscurity among the unlettered kern of an illiterate realm, he sent a peremptory embassy, the harshness of which I knew not how to account for, enjoining me

forthwith to deliver Lord Warwick to the care of those that signified to me his will. Custom and variety are both pleasing, yet we feel more pain at quitting the one than flying to the other, so with young Harold; he panted to emerge into a new creation, yet pungent was his regret at parting with his doating kindred.

Anxious to learn how affairs went on in England, as to where himself was concerned, I enjoined him to transmit me frequent tidings of his welfare; and also, for this purpose, opened a regular correspondence with James Butler of Cashell, called to the rank, some few years since, of Earl, his title Ormond, to whom Edward had allotted a distinguished post in the forces destined against France. This august nobleman, rich in every worthy quality, quieted my solicitude for my nephew, by promising to take him un-

der his immediate care, and guard him from the envenomed evils encompassing the state of adolescence. The first intelligence received by me from Ormond was a full and ample account of the institution of the illustrious order of the Garter, the exalted honour of Knight Companion having been conferred, by the partial King, on his young favourite Warwick, who had likewise become the valued and inseparable companion of the Black Prince, and Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The second dispatches detailed to me the discomfiture of Gallic puissance, on the plains of Cressy; and added, that active preparations were making for the attack of a French sea port town. Amongst other information he mentioned, that new invented engines of war, which, from their novelty and peculiar form, baffled every attempt at conjecture, and set every mind at sur-



missing for what they were designed, were forming under the controul and sole direction of a man, who, having procured an audience with the King, through the means of Hugh de Warren, since their first interview, had lived in habits of intimacy with his Highness, remaining closeted with him whole hours in conference; but that on the subject of these frequent meetings the most profound secrecy was observed.

Several months silence followed the receipt of this letter, the interval was spent in insufferable suspense as to the fate of my beloved boy; when, as walking on St. Eleanor's green with Stratton, Vincent (who had, on his father Brownlow's death, been faithful to his promise) announced the Earl of Ormond.

Alas! I saw the sentence that doomed me to endless grief depicted on his

countenance. Yes, Warwick was no more ! in Ormond's arms he breathed his last, before the walls of Calais. My noble friend proceeded to explain to me the events attending the siege of that town, whereat the late inventions mentioned in his last dispatches were put in play, but which are now very generally known under the titles of gunpowder and cannon. On asking the name of the ingenious contriver, he replied, ' Maltravers.' This unveiled the mysterious wonder Stratton and I had hitherto been in, as to what had occasioned the firing the cottage at Winchester, and the bursting open the brass portal in the vault of St. Urban's. Maltravers, then, it was that had lured from me the Sovereign's esteem. An inestimable gift lost by self-faultiness, and bestowed on a worthy object, may for ever be deplored; but unregretted be the depri-

tion of that coveted and won by a
altravers!

‘On sitting down before Calais,’ said
rmond, ‘a few light skirmishes de-
duced the enemy into a belief that the
chance of war depended solely upon
their respective skill in equal arms,
the combatants alike being clad in
plates of steel. Edward, weary with
this dallying mode of warfare, and
irritated at the heroic resistance the
besiegers made, on the second day,
produced the machines only worthy to
have been moulded at the forge of
Satan. They were rolled forward, and
planted against a numerous group of
men gallantly defending a postern.
At a command the English drew off,
a burning reed touched the powder,
the balls flew, and in a range maimed
or killed eight and forty, as after com-
puted. The cries, the groans, the

sight of the rent limbs soaring in the air, struck terror and amazement into the besieged, and on a second volley pouring among them, which committed like execution, they unanimously deserted the walls.

‘Till now, many that composed the English army had been kept in ignorance as to the use of the engines; but when it was seen the lamentable effects they produced, the feeling mind deplored the beguiled sufferers, and invoked execrations on the inventor that, inspired by the spirit of a fiend, still persevered in his obligations to Edward, and directed those who had the management of them in the rightful methods.

‘I was the first,’ continued Ormond, ‘to give in my resignation to his Highness; but ere I could quit the disgraceful sanguinary field, a ball rushing

n the bore of the mighty tube
sed. Warwick's soul away.' The
I having honoured us with his so-
y a few days longer, departed for
penny Castle.

a the last King's reign, as before
ted, my incomes arising from the
nwall mines were seized by the
wn, but at the accession of the pre-
t Edward they were restored to me.
w, since that he had resigned his
to the poisonous counsel of Maltra-
n, the esteem he had before held me
uch declined; and, at the instiga-
of the wily miscreant, he turned
n the dispossessing me of Corn-
l's title, and consequently the re-
ue attached to it; but as my seclu-
offered no colour for this proce-
e, he made this the means whereby
ork his ends: a law was promul-
ed, by which, if any Baron, pro-
d he was sane in mind and body,

refused to contribute in person and substance to the prosecuting the Crusade, then to be revived by Francis of Austria and the Black Prince of England, he should forfeit all lawful presumption to title and its annexations. I attended the council, but when officially required to enrol my name under Edward's banner ; on my steadfastly rejecting the terms proposed, I was, with many others congenial with me in the determination of holding a free will, degraded from the rank of an Earl, and commanded to give in my forced renunciation on pain of imprisonment. These were arbitrary proceedings, but from Edward's mandate there was no appeal.

Yet when I look back on the inestimable acquirement this last visit to England procured me, in lieu of repining at having been compelled to make it, I should date my again touch-

Albion's ground as the happiest of my life. Retired to the shades of Woodstock, there, in the bosom of a tranquillity, yet in the full exercise of social benevolence, it was my lot to add another gem to my sacred assemblage of friends.

Ah ! Chaucer, how did the charms of thy commune, displaying the brilliancy of a fecund imagination, and the native dignity of an unshackled mind, blended with philanthropic morality, compensate for the loss of all the fastidious grandeur that royalty could bestow !

From thy Parnassian abode, my friend, at once the seat of mirth and wisdom, I bent my way to the Iberian coast.

Whilst traversing the road from Gloucester to Hereford, conversing

with Vincent on times long past, we overtook a man, who, slow and mournfully, was walking on a foot-path near the road side; the peculiar dejection of his countenance, and wretchedness of his whole appearance, attracted our observation; and Vincent, under pretence of inquiring how far it was from hence to Hereford, introduced a conversation, kept up with spirit on both sides; I, as occasion offered, joined in it. As the stranger seemed at length oppressed and fainting with fatigue, Vincent, with my concurrence, offered him his horse for a mile or two, saying he would keep up with us in a running pace. Our new companion mounted, and we rode on, discoursing, until we came within sight of Hereford. When informed by me that I was going to Cardigan, he replied business called him that way; but as he had a few affairs to settle first at Hereford, if I would stay at the Thistle in wait, he

ould join me in less than a quarter of hour, and we might proceed on our rney together.

Though no physiognomist, this in's set of features impressed me not th charitable conclusions; however, the roads were somewhat dangerous r travelling alone, Vincent and I were ell armed, and time being before us, without hesitation, complied.

A long and deep musing on his part eft me to my own meditations; when, ixing his eyes on my face, he interrupt-d me, saying, 'think you there is a world after this?' The words, together with the sudden manner of his putting the question, made me involuntarily draw the rein and stop. 'My ideas,' added he, 'have undergone a strange revolution within these few hours. A book, in the Danish language, chanced to fall in my way,

treating of a doctrine new, bold, and, in truth, somewhat wondrous. At a slight perusal the tenets adduced only excited in me merriment, tempered with disgust; but I persevered in the fascinating lecture, and have since wholly resigned my thoughts seriously to enquire into the probability of the principles laid down.'

On my expressing a wish to learn to what point this doctrine tended, he took out a paper, and perusing it, continued:

The revolted angels, hurled from their celestial stations by the arm of insulted Deity, were precipitated to solitude, to punishment, to darkness; yet still retaining their intelligent capacities, and the sense of dividing good from evil, a comparison of past and present made them, blasted by the lightnings of his throne, and appalled

the terrors of his brow, acknowledge the puissance of him that had ven their Ariel forms from the lms above. With Reason came Re-
ntance. Voluntarily winging their ht from Heaven; they sought to re-
cile the condemned to the incensed, irritated judge. Sage Reason made
inflexible knee to bend; sweet Re-
ntance inspired the prayer that sighed
om the breast of the apostate crew
hovah, all merciful and wise, sof-
ned by the lamentations of contrite
fliction, regarded them still as the
bours of his love. This was a first
ffence; their nature, though sancti-
ed, was not modelled in that, that
lone is an attribute of the Godhead,
erfection. Frailty consequently had
er share in their formation, or they
ould not have erred. Those that are
rail, are they not open to temptation?
and temptation is a bewitching, an en-
croaching sprite! Anger and severity

had no place in the bosom of the Father ; there clemency and indulgence reigned supreme ; he hearkened to the moan of the imploring vanquished, and looked a limited forgiveness. But Mercy, if not guarded and upheld by Justice, is subject to variety of abuse ; Mercy smiled a pardon, but Justice refused a re entrance into Paradise, until the factious crew had amply expiated their ingratitude, and proved the sincerity of their remorse, by undergoing a severe probation ; yet, lest the remembrance of their late crime, and its attendant pains, should have power to influence, either way, their after progress, recollection of the past was in them expunged.

Behold, then, this globe created, and a fallen spirit animating the earthy frame of Adam ; the toil of regeneration was not to be accomplished, as did God the universe, in seven days :

soul of man sinned, and thereby
ited that share of sublunary hap-
ss his Maker granted, to ease; at
best, a mournful pilgrimage. The
ies multiplied, and stretched do-
n. At every birth a spirit was
is released from the depths below
pass the ordeal; and when it quits
fleshy clothing, concordant to the
moral or pious course it has gone
ough in human shape, it either
umphantly remounts to its native
es, or by the fiat of Omnipotence,
name is erased from the immortal
cord, and the being hereafter is an-
hilated to all eternity.

‘ If not thus, wherefore, for the sin
one poor erring mortal, should the
om of care and grief be entailed on
yriads, that, entering life, are pure
unspotted snow? Except for some
mediate transgression, why is the
imaculate soul launched into exist-

ence, and wrecked on this pitiless shore, abandoned to be the sport of warring elements, of disease, of death, of, in fine, the chequered woes attending on mortality? Heaven is held out to us as the reward: but wherefore did we quit Heaven? or, if we did not spring from thence, why, in our journey thither, are we made to traverse this bleak, this inhospitable world of tears?

• The soul, in enacting the part allotted whilst dwelling here on earth, manifests still, even in the most insignificant occurrences of life, the same views, the same darling passions that swayed its movements anterior and subsequent to its fall. Those pliant and enfeebled aërials that, suffering their portion of virtuous energy to lie dormant, resigning their will to the rebel direction of the inflammatory, the aspiring, and the unrighteous po-

t, are now the female sex; and in
it degrading, enfeathered state, suffer
their former dishonourable, supine,
d base defection.

• Those that, though possessed of
tellectual organs, were yet so weak
to resign their trust of reason, com-
mitted to them by the Highest, to the
ontless foe, pursuant to their diffe-
nt degrees of guilt, now inhabit the
urth, the sea, the air, and, perforce,
re subject to that power to whose
uidance they heretofore voluntarily
esigned every rational faculty, every
xalted endowment that proved them
he children of Omniscience.

• How many of the last are recovered,
what number are redeemed, is beyond
he computation of man. But when
ach ethereal being has stood its pro-
ationary test, this universe touches
t its final dissolution, and the Lord of

hosts proclaims his work is done: the blessed are hailed by their long severed brethren, and welcomed back to immortality and their vacant thrones; the rejected, now twice cut off from the elect, hear the rebuke of infinite Wisdom, and with unavailing supplications, mingle and evaporate in the whirlwind of oblivion. The angelic sabaoth ascend, and this terrestrial globe, bursting into fiery atoms, flies like shooting meteors, and falls extinguished in the bosom of chaos.'

The stranger ceased, and putting up the paper, required my frank opinion. 'I am no friend to innovation,' replied I, 'on any established religion. Were we to give ear to the overflowing of the warm imagination in every enthusiastic fanatic, his tongue, overloaded with allegorical hyperboles and fanciful fiction, community might be rent with sects, and man war against

an, each to maintain his distinct
eed. All this may be truth, and it
ay not, as like the one as the other.
ut to my mind religion consists not
the past or the future. Let us look
at we perform the present well.
ast cannot change; and the future we
hall know at a future time. The road
rom whence we come, and whither
ve go, is enveloped in clouds imper-
vious; and fruitless are our attempts
o penetrate either. All we can be
assured of, is, here we are. All our
reliance should be centered in the
word, and all our duty consists in
strictly adhering to the golden rule—
a step farther, and we are both bewil-
dered and faulty.

‘ Why should we be guided by the
tenets of one of our own species, dark,
fallible, and of circumscribed know-
ledge with ourselves? One man may
as safely pretend to promulgate a new

set of ideas as another: thus giving birth to envy, prejudice, and a train of litigious evils, ever attending religious controversy. But when precept drops from the lips of Divinity—then be our reverence, our humility, our faith called forth! Sacred is the word of Christ—it is replete with benign tenderness, with charity, with a simplicity adapted to the lowliest comprehension: the very duties enjoined do but impart the balm of happiness and content in the fulfilment, neither exacting extraneous or heart-revolting worship: whereas that which is founded on the voice of man is so surcharged and distorted with whims, fancies, extravagancies, limitations, and ludicrous eccentricities, fashioned from the mind of the propounder, that in lieu of reforming, it clogs the springs of comprehension, and finally hurries us to the verge of scepticism.

Believe, stranger, in this assurance, founded on holy writ: more welcome to the Godhead is one repentant sinner, or the soul of him that has bravely withstood the temptations of sin, than myriads of beings, which, when created, were endued with perfection. This do I credit—the malefactor who, suspended on the cross, confessed to Christ his faith and his unworthiness, now takes rank of the rightest seraphim in Heaven.’

Silence ensued; then, ‘ If,’ said Vincent, ‘ our friend’s belief be actually nearer to probability than any former conjecture as to the existence of man, which think you of the banished angels animated the body of this lawless criminal ?’

The stranger, whom my reply had thrown into a profound reverie, at Vincent’s words fell into a violent fit

of trembling, and turning fiercely, but in a voice scarce to be heard through suffocating emotion—‘ Whom,’ said he, ‘ call you criminal ?’ ‘ Look !’ returned Vincent, noticing not his agitation, and pointing to a gibbet on which a body hung at an eminence near the road side—‘ that hapless delinquent transgressed the rules established by society, belike embued his hands in blood, or, stimulated by necessity or wantonness, violated the eighth statute of the decalogue.’ ‘ Perchance,’ added I, ‘ he here stopped the harmless traveller, and dishonestly wrested from his person the fruits of sedulous and laborious industry. See yon cottage ! it has been fired : the guileless rustic belike destroyed his dwelling on the erection of this sad *memento* contiguous to it.’ ‘ Prithee, what is the name of this place ?’ said Vincent to the stranger.

‘Osmington Common,’ replied he. His face became a deadly white, and as I not supported him, he could not have kept his seat. I motioned to Vincent to drop the subject; and though not a little surprised at the excessive emotion our new acquaintance had displayed, and still lay under, we quitted him not until we reached Hereford.

Arrived at the Thistle, I entered, with Vincent and the stranger, crossing a large court, went in at the doors of a mansion that formed the opposite side of the square. Shewn into the apartment, I ordered a collation to be prepared below, in readiness for him at his return; and in the interim I amused myself by looking over a collection of butterflies transixed on paper, and adorning the walls of the room.

Vincent, somewhat agitated, interrupted my studious examinations, by begging me to spare his attendance for a few minutes. He went; and wearied with my late avocation, I strolled to a garden appertaining to the house, having first desired the owner to give me notice when the stranger came back. Here, in these extensive grounds, I sauntered far beyond the time allotted, and long hung over the wooden balustrade of a bridge, beneath which the water, rushing down several sunken steps, produced a deafening roar.

But, impatient to pursue my route, lest I should not reach Cardigan ere dusk, I returned to the dwelling, and enquired for my new acquaintance. The person to whom I spoke made no reply; but on my repeating my interrogations, at the same time describing his person, he said, pointing to the

shadow, 'Look through yon case-
ment.' In the middle of the court,
surrounded by a multitude of every age and
condition, was erected high in air a
triangle formed by cross beams, from
which depended a human body.

'That's he,' continued my host—
'he has been at large on bail these three
months back; but was this morning
tried for a robbery and assault, com-
mitted on the person of a labourer on
Birmingham Common, whose dwelling
he afterwards set fire to. For these
crimes thus he hath suffered.' Here
Vincent ran in with clasped hands and
dejected countenance. Alarmed, I asked
with much solicitude, what gave rise
to his perturbation? but it was long ere
his emotions permitted him to speak.
'Behold, my Lord, that suspended
body,' said he, 'and in the criminal
that has thus expiated with his life the

infringement, he made on the laws of the country, recognize Eustace de Erickbane.'


Vincent, on leaving me, repaired to the mansion where he perceived the stranger enter, and there found a judicial court sitting, deciding on life and death. Eustace being a foreigner, by a new statute of the present king, was tried by half-tongue, a moiety of the jury being denizens, the residue foreigners. During the trial, his judges were, with the hardened sinner, the objects of overbearing haughtiness; and the court he treated with the most pointed levity and derision. On being adjudged to death, he took from his bosom a scaled paper, and delivered it to the Sheriff, saying, with the most insufferable effrontery, 'Cast me for a fool if I had surrendered here unprepared, most reverend Rhadamanthus,

id aloud your Jesu-sent Sovereign's
rdon.'

The chief officer opened it, and to his
tonishment, the anger of the specta-
rs, who considered this as a further
retch of insolent contempt, but to
he appalling dismay of the aghast cul-
rit, he disclosed a perfect blank. The
despairing delinquent, having well ex-
mined the paper, wrung his hands in
hopeless agony; he wrenched his hair
n phrenzy, smote with bruizing blows
his throbbing breast, and dashed him-
self prostrate on the ground; but his
doom was irreversible. On being asked
what had led him into this delusion,
and from whom he had had the paper?
he replied, 'From a favourite of the
King's.' Then, overcome by the terrors
of approaching death, he fainted. The
furious storm of passion resulting from
maddening desperation, into which he

again relapsed, quickly subsided. He looked at those that had sat in judgment on him with an air of disdainful serenity, and calmly suffered himself to be led to the place destined for his execution; a spacious court, facing the stately mansion of Norfolk's Countess. The gallows was erected, the multitude thronged around, and the condemned, followed by him whose unenviable office it was to suppress the breath of those decreed unfit to live, together with a mendicant friar, breathing pious exhortations to the obdurate sinner, mounted the scaffold, near which stood two of Eustace's friends, leaning on the coffin they had prepared to receive and bear away the sad remains of their departing comrade.

In passing he exchanged a few words with them, then suffered the executioner to slip the deadly cord around his



c. The manly fortitude he displayed at this appalling juncture might have exacted admiration from the gazers; but as it was manifest that this indifference proceeded rather from hardened impiety than suffering indignation, their surprise was unmingled with pity, and they saw the elder sink from beneath his feet without one commiserating sigh.

Whilst that their eyes watched for the struggles of fleeting life, owing to some error in its construction, the whole machine instantly gave way with the weight of his body, and he alighted unhurt on the ground. Still undisturbed, he lifted the covering from his face, and stood with his arms folded, surveying those, who, shocked at the accident, had precipitately fallen back; his features devoid of the smallest expression of awe or terror.

On the point of renewing the melancholy preparations, a trimly-habited page was seen to come from Lady Norfolk's house; bursting through the throng, he advanced to the Sub Sheriff, and informed him that the Countess, having accidentally beheld from her windows the heart-revolting spectacle, peremptorily desired that the proceedings of justice might be carried on in a spot more remote from her dwelling. The order was immediately complied with, and the scaffolding and its appendages were conveyed to the great square before the Sessions House and the Thistle.

Eustace, with the utmost deliberation, again ascended the stage of death, and the officer again prepared to fix the fatal rope, when, though without the smallest suspicion of the truth, he raised his hands to unfasten the drapery that

circled the neck of his victim, a duty had till then through negligence let as unheeded.

The unhappy criminal at this shrunk, treating, trembling, and aghast; the one persevered, the other struggled in mounting horror; but held by superior force, his vest was opened, and, to the amazement of all, was disclosed, clasped round his throat, an iron collar, to which were fastened leathern straps, that, winding round his body, so effectually were designed to support his weight, that had he remained suspended till set of sun, the flood of life would have flowed unimpeded and unchecked.

Thus had he provided against the improbable, as he conceived, failure of the royal absolution. The above mentioned friends, the recant confederates

in his and Maltravers's numberless atrocities, and sworn abettors in the effort to save each other from legal punishment, were, as pre-concerted, under the guise of afflicted relatives, to have taken the supposed corpse, borne it away for dead, and thus have set Providence and justice at defiance.

The wretched Eustace, twice self-de-luded, having now death unavoidably before his eyes, shrieked, groaned, and raved in anguish undecribable; now he dashed himself prostrate, then indenting his nails into his flesh, arrayed himself in crimson, and bathed his cheek in tears of agony; now on his knees, he implored mercy from those unable to bestow it; and now in broken sentences, dictated by wild desperation, at once execrated the authors of his ruin, and invoked the clemency of insulted Heaven.

vain all present witnessed with
land compassion the terrific scene,
could save him. The bolts and
were wrenched from his limbs,
now the life-suppressing cord em-
bed his naked neck.

When on the scaffold, by a few words
dropped from him, and a faint re-
velation of his features, together with
similitude of the name, Vincent
recognized in the culprit his friend
former days: he ascended to him,
shed tears with his, and revealed
self, acquainting Eustace also who
his fellow traveller; the wretched
penitent, too late bewailing that heed-
less indifference and confirmed inflexi-
bility, that made him shun every divine
precept tending to the inculcation of
piety, or the snatching him from the
perilous course he had chosen since first
he could distinguish right from wrong;

bitterly inveighed against the indignant treachery of Maltravers, his accomplice in the act for which he had been doomed to die; Maltravers it was that irrefragably and most barbarously betrayed him to his ruin. It seems that Eustace alone having been apprehended, the hoary villain promised, from his ascendancy over the King, to procure him a pardon, on condition that he kept secret as to the part he himself had taken in the iniquitous transaction. Some time after, Maltravers delivered Eustace the paper he had given to the Sheriff, sealed with the royal impression, and bearing Edward's signature on the cover, which he assured his credulous confederate was a free and unequivocal absolution, did he undergo legal condemnation; this considered, he advised him to stand his trial, lest, if he absconded, and were retaken, his Highness might revoke the grant.

a lamentable end of Eustace de blane brought the comparison before made between him and ant nearer to my view, and I failed to impress on the mind of my de friend the moral though de-able lesson he had just received.

he misfortunes of the wretched
ace were to be wholly attributed
e evil habits contracted in early
whilst under the direction of the
t that had nurtured him. How
ed, how arduous the task of rear-
children ! dissolve all human ties,
let us consider them, enlightened
e by the broad beams of truth;
w we the prince in the downy
dle, on whose cheek, the air blows
without leave, the Afric born
nt nursed in the lap of misery
of tears, do we not recognize
each a fellow soul? Each is the
chase of the Godhead's blood,

each is our co-heir to the realms above. Rude and irregular is the mind given by nature, the hand of the workman must fashion it to shape; and woe to the workman that, through neglect or wilfulness, casts it in the mould of deformity ! As children cannot reach maturity without protecting care, if the parents are early called away, he who fosters the human angel takes upon him a fearful, a most awful charge ! Not only is he equally accountable to God for its spiritual welfare, as would have been the father and the mother had they lived, but he is then even more a parent than those that gave him birth. The artist may make the casket, but nature alone can produce the gem. And is the casket and the gem to be named in a breath ? Can the spirit and the flesh be brought into comparison ? How far, then, superior in the eyes of God is the former of the mind than the father of the body ?

heed, ye natural and ye adopting
! reflect, ye mothers, that throw
your bosoms your helpless off-
ing, and cast them at the feet of
angers, that you may run unincum-
bered round the whirling wheel of
misere—think at the birth that thus
Almighty speaks :

This is my work; to prepare him
his divine inheritance, he must
pass the ordeal of humanity; passions,
illities, and vices are now thronging
before him the road by which he quitted
refraction; these he must meet, com-
bat, and vanquish, ere he can re-enter
his bosom: they will strive to keep
him from me, they guard the gates of
heaven, nor must they suffer any to
enter by whom they are not first sub-
dued. Take my redeemed, inspire
him with fortitude; I will give him
arms, but teach him how to manage
them; if he conquers not, shame light

upon his own head, but omit no duty on your part; for, as to the parent, a mead of glory is every virtue the child possesses; so shall the wanderings of the children burst in thunder on the head of the neglectful and unnatural parent.'

CHAP. XII.

A BELL'S LAST TOLL.

UR road from Belfast to London-
ry lay over the summit of Cairn
gher, a lofty and stupendous swell :
ascent being three miles in height,
l nearly perpendicular, the way was
h tedious, and in many places un-
; even to the cautious traveller.
rest the jaded horses, and prepare
m for the task they had yet to per-
n, I acceded to the voice of a pea-
t who pressed me to alight, and
lst that our steeds cropped the
ity herbage, enter beneath the
nble eves of his lowly habitation,
lt at the foot of Cairn Togher.

o reject a proffered kindness where
motive is pure and circumstances
QL. III. R.

permit, is churlish and heart-wounding, far more so than refusing a petitioned service, in that it gives a cruel shock to delicacy, and fearful of a like repulse, checks the generous flow of benevolence to others.

I dismounted, and suffered myself to be conducted to his rural dwelling and rustic meal, but could not be prevailed on to tarry long, or defer my journey till the return of morn. In vain did the hospitable cottager advise me not to hazard the crossing the mountain that night, shewing that the snow which covered it, having congealed, it was, as it were, a sweep of glass; his representations of the rigours of an inclement sky, the length of the journey, the perils of falling in with crags, steeps, and immeasurable precipices, abounding in this part of the country, as likewise the hazard of meeting with roving banditti, were by

inheeded. St. Urban's contained magnet that attracted me to its d scite; the thought of home was enflamed column which, like that directed the sons of Israel, guiding steps to my all of happiness.

Midway of the mount depended a mass of clouds, through which we had penetrate ere we could reach the summit; the footing was indeed insecure, as the peasant said, to the utmost verge of the eye, vast flakes of ice enumbered the frozen soil. Arrived at this height, here presented themselves, the extreme of beauty, the awful and majestic. Above, was a firmament serene, flecked with scaly vapours; now, rolled the bulky clouds, tinted with variable dyes by the sunbeams: the damps fastened on our garments, the dew empearled our hair, and though unpleasant, the beauteous

novelty of the scene called forth our admiration.

On reaching the foot of Cairn Togher, down which we slid, to the hazard of our life and limbs, a cataract, gushing from the steep, ran with velocity forwards, and divided an extensive field of pulse from the main road. The curling waves fell over each other, like to a crowd running to the plunders of a wreck, whilst the willow bent down to see in the stream how became she her verdant honours.

Over the rivulet was placed a plank for the convenience of foot passengers: it was narrow, yet methought I could conduct the horse in safety; this, assisted by his own wariness, I accomplished, and remounted at the opposite side. Vincent followed; whilst standing on the plank, he stretched forth his hand

ke the bridle of the steed to lead
; when the spirited animal, starting
c, bent his legs under him, and took
pring across the rivulet, dashing
icent from his footing, far into
water; but for my assistance, his
ttled courser might never have been
oured by the commendations which
master, terrified, but more pleased,
stowed on him.

Quickly I made to the peaceful boun-
aries of my woe, and stopt at the
ates of St. Urban's. Vincent rang at
ie outward bell, but the portal not
eing opened, he attacked it a second
nd a third time, with encreased force;
t the fourth ring, the wicket to the
ight half opened, and Roland thrust
orth his head. Vincent dismounted,
nd was entering, with purpose to clear
he horse-way for me, when Roland,
udely pushing him back, shut to the
wicket in a boisterous swing, and

dropt the iron bar athwart the entrance.

Unable to comprehend the meaning of this strange and unexpected reception, I rang violently at the bell, but no one appeared. We rode round the walls, every postern was secured; we made to St. Eleanor's; not a vestige of the colony remained, all was a dreary waste; the groves encompassing the plantation were evidently swept away by force, and the tenements, some had been destroyed by fire, others laid low by the arm of ravin; the whole frowned nude and deserted. What dreadful revolution, exclaimed I, can have taken place during my absence! Who is it that thus denies me admittance, and has converted my dwelling into an inaccessible fortress?

After a long and painful silence, conjecture fretting my brain to mad-

s, I leaped from my horse, and climbing the ravelins, scaled the parapet to an open window of the porter's garret; but as I nearly reached the summit, the bore of a cannon was moved to the aperture, and pointed downwards; at the same instant a voice within cried, 'Attempt to enter any part of this domain, which is now no longer your's, and the inhabitant of this tube shall bid you welcome' I let go my hold, and fell to the ground.

Almighty! my wife, my children, either they are dead, banished stragglers from their home, or confined within walls where I am forbid to enter! It was useless to make another trial: I saw none of whom I could enquire, and I adopted Vincent's advice of going to Colerain, there to endeavour at gaining some information that might throw light on what was now hid in uncertainty. Casting a linger-

ing look over the desolated scite, we discerned, through the gloom of evening, a fluttering motion near the casement to which I had climbed, a small figure stept from out the window, and sliding down the wall, clambered up the parapet, and sprung over the fosse; he stopt, and looked round with caution, then walked towards the spot where we lay concealed.

Within hearing, he called to me by name, on which I rose from my lurking posture, and advanced towards him. It was a young boy, whom I instantly recognized to be Cyril, one of the children of St. Eleanor's. He acquainted me in brief, that the Castle was then in the possession of Maltravers, who had obtained it for the term of his natural life, by a blank charter from the King. On my asking where were the Lady Blanche, the young Lords

inald and Theodoric, Stratton and daughter? the boy replied that y were at Montjoy, with the Earl Ormond, whither they had fled on ir ejection, with the colonists, ssals, and domestics of St. Urban's; d that the only persons Maltravers d retained of the former establish- ent were Roland and himself. 'Ro- and,' said young Cyril, 'notwithstand- g his late outrageous act, is true to s allegiance, and but acquiesced to e stay in compliance with the will of tratton, who directed him to keep on ood terms with Maltravers, the better o forward your future views.' The oy having thus fulfilled his embassy rom Roland, fearful of being seen by any of Maltravers's soldiers from the Abbey, shortly after left us, and fol- lowing the same track, mounted to the casement, at which stood Roland, who waved his hand to us, and precipitately retired.

Tarrying not, we galloped on to Montjoy; there indeed were my wife, my children, my friends. From Stratton I learnt, that whilst they were celebrating the anniversary of the destruction of St. Urban's prison, a ship of might and magnitude was seen floating on the ocean, steering for the Antrim shores. The unsuspecting inhabitants marked it, but were far from conjecturing its destination. On coming to anchor before the fortress, a small pinnace was hoisted out, and six men landed from it at the Abbey terrace. They enquired for me, but being informed I was away, and that they must address themselves to the Lady Blanche, they presented her a written paper, which she delivered to Reginald. It contained a formal summons of the Castle, from Edward King of England, in behalf of his worthy and loyal liege man, John Maltravers, and stated, that

deed of gift, whereby, in the days King Stephen, this domain had been joined to the earldom of Lancaster, is now revoked, and that on pain of felony, the present owners should, at the sight of it, surrender the right, and at the claim of the said John Fitz-Travers; whom it further authorized, if his pretensions were either doubted or opposed, to contest and make them good by force of arms to the full extent of every coercive measure.

Stratton, to whom Reginald, from his youth and inexperience, had submitted the right of decision, saw, where power swayed unlimited, contention was futile; yet he thought himself not privileged tacitly to yield, and returned for answer, 'that he would the same hour dispatch a courier to England after Lord Cornwall, provided they would retard the enforce-

ment of the deed. To this Maltravers replied, that he must stand upon the instant evacuation of the Abbey, as floating longer on the seas in no wise accorded with his humour. Stratton and my sons, who still determined not to resign St. Urban's without my knowledge or concurrence, ordered the fortress to be secured, the tenantry to be concentrated, the entrances blocked up, and proceeded to other cautionary defensive operations. They judged the vessel to bear a force of two hundred; the garrison of the Castle mustered twice that number, and they flattered themselves with the hope that they could sustain a siege, and repel the attack until my arrival.


The crew, hearing of these adverse preparations, were distinguished moving in their narrow compass with the utmost celerity, and running to and fro, seemingly employed on an affair

to small weight. Maltravers was
erned among the rest, eagerly en-
ed in disseminating his orders; a
minutes after, Roland, standing
the pier, descried cannon pointed
inst the fortress; all became mo-
nless on deck, and a volley of thun-
ring destruction was discharged from
terrific engines. The balls batter-
down some part of the outward
orks, and piercing the interior
ace, killed and wounded several of
e garrison. Stratton, considering
himself now no longer justified in
olding out, at the expence of lives, as
ey were preparing to send a second
tower, hoisted an ensign of truce, and
oming to terms of capitulation, it was
greed, that by a fixed period a gene-
l removal should take place. The
most costly of the effects, adorning the
bbey, were packed in covered car-
ages, and the melancholy train bent

their march for Montjoy, whither Theodoric had repaired to inform Ormond of these wayward events, and crave the friendly interposition of his aid.

The Earl, for which my heart will be ever wholly his, granted the forlorn fugitives an asylum; and on hearing of this flagrant act of oppression, vented his indignation alike against the ill-advised Edward and his new dependant. Stratton concluded by adding, that my younger boy had, some time back, gone for England, to apprise me of these transactions.

Since their expulsion from St. Urban's, each had been vigorously employed in means of how to destroy the usurpation, and assist me in regaining possession of my right. Amongst the warmest of my partizans for my reinstatement.



at in prerogative, and the attaining
lice, were those men that formerly
de part of Maltravers's banditti.
ith mettled ardour, as we led them
, they panted to dare the fire-
eathing machines, and drive the
uspers from the walls. Stratton,
ho, far from regarding Maltravers as
kinsman, considered him but as an
alien to his blood, and the scourge of
ociety, placed himself in the van of
he hostile force. Ere we began our
march, my mind revolving on the
measures I was then pursuing, it oc-
curred, that though I recovered all I had
been dispossessed of, might not Edward
again disseize me; it was not Maltra-
vers against whom I raised the weapon
of defiance, but the Sovereign, whose
power could afterwards strike at the lives
of me and mine. Ormond, however,
deeply read in Edward's disposition,
overruled every objection that I brought
forward, moreover saying, that he had

charges so unanswerable to bring against Maltravers, that should he ever be confronted with him in the royal presence, he would overwhelm the vicious slave with dread, and break the corrupt chain by which he had enfeathered the youthful Monarch's reason.

Leaving my wife, our daughter, and their female train, at Montjoy, I, commanding with Lord Ormond, Stratton, and Reginald, a body of five hundred men, armed and well equipped, arrived by break of day at St. Urban's. No sentinels were on the guerites, and the walls being otherwise unguarded, we approached. Stratton, who had lain his previous plans with Roland and young Cyril, directed us to wield off; he then climbed the ramparts, and gave the signal—Roland appeared; and whilst the boy watched in the interior court, he cautiously threw open the gates to us. We separated in different bands;

were the principal points of the
mass; I, led on by Cyril, advanced
to a saloon where Maltravers and I
stagnalia were still celebrating
slightly orgies. The signal given,
I first open the folding doors, and
I upon the inebriated gang. No
show of resistance was made, and
Maltravers, yet undaunted, seized
himself by the random sword.
strong nerved arm, till persons of
his party were nearly overcome.
retreated, and putting a dagger
ded from the ceiling, and

Stratton, aware that a fatal
mission of some kind of party,
forward, and seized him by the
: he strove again to repeat the
when the other, springing in a
mous gripe, threw him on the
l, and placing his foot on his
bound his hands. Again the
s brandished the adverse blade,
produced a general and rang.



nary scuffle. Maltravers, released by one of his men, ran to the horn-works, where repeating the signal, by pulling another cord that rang the same bell, at the instant a man started from concealment, and turned a cannon on its pivot inward. Stratton, following Maltravers, was pierced in the shoulder by a dart thrown from the hand of his kinsman, which Vincent observing, interposed, and engaged hand to hand with Maltravers; when he still shifting his ground, parrying Vincent's strokes, and aiming himself the mortal blow, chanced to brush by the mouth of the cannon; at the moment the gunner touched with fire the inflammatory grain. His limbs were rent to fragments, and his bleeding members dashed with force against the opposite wall.

Thus perished, by the ever-to-be-execrated invention, the more Satanic

tor! Thus ended the execrable
 e of this second Phalaris' vengeance
 alike in years and iniquity. With
 many a spirit took its earth leaving
 t; the cannons having, at the se-
 l signal, been all swung upon their
 rels and discharged.

The men, on learning the fate of
 ir ruler, surrendered to our arms,
 implored quarter. I ordered them
 to strict durance, and gave orders
 is for the burial of the slain. Turn-
 ing up the miserable bones of the
 ested Maltravers, I perceived a bone
 er, which, on examination, proved
 be the counterpart of that which
 betrayed Hustace de Tracy, on his
 death: it was an official person
 n Edward for whatever murder
 nor the criminal should be accused
 blanks were left for the date, name,
 , description of person, and other

necessary particulars. As it was Maltravers's interest to get the confederate in his crimes away, he but shewed this to Eustace ere it was sealed, the better to strengthen the delusion: subsequent to which he counterfeited the royal impression, as likewise Edward's signature, on an otherwise blank paper, and delivered it to him, keeping the authentic scroll to answer his own views, should he hereafter stand in need of kingly interference. These circumstances we learned from one of the new-made prisoners, a partner in Eustace and Maltravers's enormities,—but he was no more, and his memory was hateful to dwell on.

Lord Ormond, who thought it advisable not to let this transaction come first to Edward's ear from an enemy or public report, departed, on the finally settling these broils, to England.

interim I employed in restoring Abbey to its former state of magnificence and splendor. Blanche and Isabella were removed from Montjoy, and once more peace and felicity smiled on St. Urban's.

The Earl of Ormond tarried not long in England: he returned, and with him my younger son Theobald. Edward, as he said, on the mention of having forcibly ejected Maltravers, whereby abrogating the statute he had made in repealing St. Urban's deed, no bounds to his wrath, and would, at the moment, have fitted out an instrument to lay waste the object of contention; but on Ormond's acquainting him that Maltravers had intreated terms by which he held his goods, this storm of ire decreased.

The art of mingling the proper ingredients, whereby to bring to perfec-

tion and a state of utility the inflammatory powder, was, by the death of Roger Bacon, the Franciscan friar, (whose laudable spirit of humanity induced him never to divulge the pernicious secret) confined exclusively to Maltravers, he having, at the demise of his colleague, by a characteristic stroke of policy, made himself master of certain manuscripts, in which the progress of the invention and other documents were perspicuously laid down by the monk. At Edward's instance he bound himself, by the most solemn abjurations, never to let it extend further. Ormond, however, alledged, that to his infallible knowledge Maltravers had, in consideration of grants and unbounded largesses, communicated his secret to the French Court. The Earl's words were ere long verified; for at the battle of Poitiers cannon was opposed to cannon, and

ice and England fought on equal
inds.

Edward, thus reconciled to me, sent
r concessions by Ormond, with the
ant title of Warwick, which, though
with all due respect and grateful
nowledgments, declined, ambition
me having long since expired; I yet
ost earnestly recommended my sons
his notice.

‘Victorious Edward!’ exclaimed my
‘Theodoric, speaking of the Gallic con-
ventions, Cressy and Poitiers!’ ‘Yet
that but success could attend the arms
f England,’ rejoined Elrica, smiling,
when, as you say, the martial and
onsecrated banners were distributed
by the lovely Joan of Salisbury!’

‘Ah! my child!’ interrupted her
mother, ‘’tis unworthy, by ensnaring

the gallantry of his generous spirit, to lure the valorous soldier to his grave. The spotless hand, whilst it bestows the delusive gift, arms that of the warrior with the deadly weapon, and points at his breast the murderous steel. The sweet-toned accents that are designed to infuse into his mind the thirst of glory and the wish of fame, are the wily strains of ruin, and in the smile of beauty, thus employed, lurk death and havock.' Blanche ceased; but to impress this lesson stronger on our daughter's mind, I thus continued: 'I rebuke not you, my love; but it is indeed despicably base in those who, by the privilege of sex, are exempt from personally sharing in the evils of national contest, yet prove incentives to the horrors of its prosecution. Far more interesting, more lovely, would be that female, who, invading the stillness of night, traversed the earth, made wet by dew and blood, selected

dying from the dead, and bathed
in ointments the wounds of her
countryman's enemy, than her who,
sitting on a throne of brightness, dis-
tributed, with the fascinating charm of
her selected exhortations, the fatal
workmanship of her hands, those glit-
tering banners of war, to the martial
chieftain. By this she sells her capti-
vating attributes to the God of slaugh-
ter, and receives, in return, the ill-
deserved praises of the inconsiderate,
without the indignant reprobation of the
unprejudiced, the thinking part of her
species.'

Our society is agreeably enlarged.
The circumstances attending the in-
roduction of this stranger at St. Ur-
ban's may deserve a mention.

We had walked to the skirts of the
forest bordering on Lough Foyle, and,

enamoured of the glorious landscape around, had fixed upon a spot without the boundaries of the Abbey, pre-eminent for the matchless graces of unadorned simplicity. Here we beheld, not art concealing art, but guileless Nature, clad in her captivating raiment: we marked the variegated foliage of autumn—the loud voice of foaming torrents—the spiry topped mounts—and the luxuriant plains of abundance and fertility. Before us was the wide-extended main; and in view, the stupendous grandeur of the Giant's Causeway.

Seats were brought; and here, beneath the verdant umbrage of a far-branching oak, every bough loaded with its fairy cup, we agreed to pass the hours till set of sun. Plenty emptied her cornucopia on our mossy table, and the ripened tide of a gene-

vintage flowed from ewer to gob-
the blackbird lent his cheerful
, and joined in concert with the
t, the wild, the unconnected strains
he Eolian harp.

Whilst that our children now climbed
precipices, now slid adown the
ky cliffs, and now skimmed over
plain, we venerable patriarchs,
h my honoured Blanche, beguiled
time in reciprocal discourse. Soon
a mirthful trio, fatigued with their
cursion, returned to us in bounding
ps. Elrica, my darling younger,
speak in a naturalist's rhetoric,
ely as the doe that skips from crag
crag, lovely as the bird that dying
mns its own mournful dirge, and
odest as the plant that shrinks from
e encroaching touch, had accompa-
ed Reginald and Theodoric in their
cund rambles, and now spent and
eary, threw herself on the grass, and

laid her cheek, blooming with the carnation's blush, on her mother's lap, ever and anon roused to smiles and laughter by the sprightly sallies of her vivacious brothers.

On a sudden the shrill sound of a horn was heard, and a white hart rushed swiftly past us, followed by a train of dogs and hunters in full and rapid speed.

‘Poor animal!’ sighed my Blanche. ‘Of those four racers,’ said Stratton, ‘the hart, the hound, the horse, and the man, methinks the former has the most share of rationality, for he runs to save his life.’ Again a strain of melody swept along the breeze, and quicker than the arrow’s flight, the panting object of pursuit sprung from a thicket, and fell at Elrica’s feet. The first emotion of terror and surprise subsided, she leant over the beautiful animal, small of its kind, and

st that its front paws lapped round neck, its head rested on her shoulder. The dogs, still following the scent, e flying towards their harmless prey, r which Elrica had thrown her white n mantle to hide him from view, en Theodoric and Reginald, spring- g between their sister and the blood- ands, valorously kept them at bay. he hunters now appeared in view, it on seeing their leaders at a stand, th some difficulty, as they were in ll career, they drew in their horses id halted. A youth of sixteen, excellently mounted, and of gallant port, ighted. Slowly advancing, he cast his yes over the assembly, and fixed them n Elrica. With timid reverence he pproached, and knelt before her, but pake not. Fearful, lest he was come to emand her prize, she pressed it closer n her arms, crying, 'cruel! what did it ver do to you, that you should chase t to death! See the tears rolling down

its face—how its heart throbs—poor trembling innocent!’ The stranger, turning, commanded his attendants to draw off the dogs; and being answered by the head huntsman, I discovered him to be Arthur, son to the Earl of Ormond, whom he had so long expected from the Netherlands, whither he had gone, in a public capacity, from the English court.

I made myself known to the young man, and proposed to him, since that my daughter had marred their sport, by harbouring the fugitive, that he and his retinue should mingle in our rural pastimes, and renounce the inhuman pleasures of the chase for the innocent delights of the sprightly dance. Arthur, enraptured at the invitation, bowed acquiescence, and calling to an attendant, dispatched him instantly to Montjoy, lest that his stay should give uneasiness to his father.

Africa, wholly engrossed by her new
surprise, gave not a thought to what
place around. She decked its
walls with wreaths and flowerets, and,
on leaving the enchanting spot,
fastened round his silvered neck a
string of pearls, that usually confined
her luxuriant flow of hair, and led the
released captive to a blissful bondage.

The walk back to the Castle imparted
a pleasure to every breast. Nature
had sunk in repose, Zephyrus alone
played among the foliage, and, though
the moon shone not, the sky was bril-
liantly illumined by the transcendent
wonders of the Aurora Borealis.

From this period not a day has gone
by but that we have been honoured by
young Butler's presence; and it is with
no small exultation I behold the grow-
ing intimacy between this illustrious
youth and my generous sons.

Here, Chaucer, I touch at the conclusion of my narrative; but ere I finally close, permit me to offer, as apology for having, during the course of it, dwelt upon affairs of so public a nature, that they could not have escaped thy notice, as likewise entering into illustrations, arguments, and digressions, on themes upon which thou art far more competent to judge and form conclusions than myself, by adding, that when I, at thy desire, commenced this compilation from my diary, I had in view thy charge and pupil, the infant Lord of York. If the perusal of this, and the designing of those emendations thou proposest to bestow on it, previous to thy giving it to the world, can beguile thy solitary hour, when not engaged on more important dissertations, or can conduce, as thy young ward ripens in age, to the blending amusement with instruction, the gratification to me will be much en-

ed. Here, when thou hast given to
the grace of polish, let him, in this
kind of mingled history and biogra-
phy; trace the vicious characters I have
portrayed, and speculate on the de-
graded part of his species, only as they
present themselves in my manuscript;
whilst he hath Chaucer before him,
he needs no other model or in-
fluence to form his tender mind to
me,

Reginald, for Alfred Gaveston, far
ears, no longer writes to thee but
by the hand of his beloved elder, eagerly
inquires of me what mean I more to
say and on my replying that I will
be a few days, to see if aught else
is worth the mentioning, he re-
plies, that he will take that period to
execute a long-formed project; this
sign (as his brother told me in con-
fidence the other day, and for which
Reginald now attaches to his name an

idle talker) is to divide this *letter*, the idea of which he ridicules, into sections, and give to each a head; lest the jaded eye, not knowing where to rest, should be cozened to continue, and thus betray the mind to lassitude, and, what I should dread from any but my indulgent friend, criticism.

My son's respect and delicacy prompts him to require of me to stand sponsor to the divisions; but conscious that the deprivation would be painful to him, with my will, he, Elfrida, and Theodorick, are on the point of repairing with the manuscript to St. Eleanor's bower, there to display their youthful fancy in prefixing appropriate titles.

A ring at the outward gate—Lord Ormond—he arrived last night from England.

Thanks, my grateful thanks, much esteemed friend, for thy inestimable

! Had I the inspiration of a Maro,
ple subject have I now to swell vo-
ces with panygeric. But why should
tale of 'Gamelyn,' delivered to me
thy well known characters by the
ad of Ormond, be a solitary effusion
genius? Relax not, but give thy
st aid to fulfil the prediction of Strat-
n, who, whilst reading it, pro-
ounces immortality on the name of
coffery Chaucer.

Blanche is seated with me, winding
the golden film from off the silk-worm's
yellow ball, and our Elfrida is giving
to thy numbers the charm of sound,
whilst my amanuensis near is waiting
to transmit to thee, as they fall, my
commendatory remarks and lauding
exclamations.

List! a piercing groan echoes thro'
the roof! another, and another! Regi-
ald flies to know what dreadful cala-

mity gives breath to the melancholy notes! I take the pen. My son returns — his face bedewed with tears. Speak, Reginald, speak!

Oh, my friend! Chaucer, can I tell thee? Stratton hath left us! Though my superior in years, he had the advantage of me in bodily activity; and whilst I was confined to my room with ailings, Stratton, alert and cheerful, spent much of his leisure with his idolizing colonists; at other periods he would sit with me, talking with fond prolixity of Norman, Montford, and times long fled. He had this morn attained his hundredth year. Preparations were making by my sons and the inhabitants of the plantations to celebrate his natal day; previous to which he walked to St. Eleanor's, (since restored to its former captivating beauty) where circle embracing circle of the aged and the young, enclasped the aged

, attending to the divine precepts,
ght with every enlivening spur to
stry and virtue, that fell from
. His head was topped with snow,
his breast was warmed by the flames
t touched Isaiah's lips.

Unusually languid that morn, he
ned at times on Vincent's breast
oved and much prized distinction!)
mbing over his knees, and rolling
his feet, were the infant tribes of
e plantation, basking in the sunshine
his smiles, and invoking Omnipot-
ence, by a display of fervent delight,
o stretch their benefactor's span yet a
ttle longer; but——

The Angel of Death, commissioned
o bring the soul to its maker, alighted
at Stratton's side: charmed with the
scene, a faint epitome of his Heaven,
and the flow of wisdom that poured
from the tongue of the pious sage, he

forgot his embassy, and stood with finger on lip, wrapt in silent contemplation, till awakened by the voice of the cherubimic Sabaoth that lined the road from Paradise.

Letting fall an ambrosial tear at foreseeing the anguish he was about to impart in many a breast, yet smiling at the exquisite bliss into which the departing would instantaneously emerge, he muffled the shades of death around the form of Christ's redeemed, and plucking from its seat the holy spirit, soared aloft, to lay his sacred trust in the bosom of the Father; the seraph train filling the concave with rejoicing hallelujahs, entered the celestial bounds, and closed were the gates of Empyreum.

Ah, my friend! not a distant period and I trust the same angelic guide will disunite me from this earthy enthrall-

t, and bear me to Stratton. Palling cheerless now to me are all sublimely enjoyments; my comforter, the taker of my pleasures, the soother of my afflictions is gone!

Blanche is rapidly declining—Stratton's dead—I cannot survive this stroke. Elrica weeps—Blanche weeps, and so doth Theodoric. Reginald can write no more—he resumes the pen. Adieu, adieu! The next chapter poor Reginald may entitle 'The Death of Alfred Gaveston.' When his hand reaches those characters, where shall I be? My bosom's filled with awe, my heart with faith. Fare thee well, Chaucer, think on me—my pilgrimage is completed.

CHAP. XIII.

THE DEATH OF ALFRED GAVESTON.

THE orphaned Reginald takes up the narration to Geoffery Chaucer. Alfred Gaveston is no more, our mother is no more; and in one tomb lie the remains of our revered parents and the sainted son of Llewellyn.

It is now a considerable lapse of time since they departed, but our sorrow is still fresh and pungent. By my father's behest my younger brother Theodorick equally enjoys, with me, the domain of St. Urban's and its appurtenances. This equitable decision endears to my heart the more his cherished memory. The colonists, restored to that state of calm resignation, which

been broken by the rude incursions of grief, now flourish in peace and innocence. David Powdras is still alive; his claim to veneration resulting from the whitened honours of his head.

My father, as a just reward for Vincent's unshaken probity, and that invariable rule of devoutly relying on the mercy of Providence, shewn in every instance since first they became acquainted, at his decease nominated him sole Lord of St. Eleanor's, convinced, that whilst in that department, Stratton would be his model; and to ensure him happiness in the connubial state, previous to his dissolution he joined his hand to that of the virtuous Edith, the gentle friend of our father's lamented Emma.

Our sister Elrica, wedded to young Arthur of Cashell, passes occasionally a season with us, who, bred in retire-

ment, seek no worldly aggrandisement or exaltation, but united in the bands of fraternal affection, live blessed with the loyalty of our partial adherents.

Here, respected Chaucer, wishing you every happiness that falls to the share of man, and petitioning that the friendship you professed for the father may extend to the sons, I close this narrative, joined by my brother in fervent wishes, that you will not suffer many weeks to pass, ere you, accompanied by your illustrious charge, honour with your presence St. Urban's and

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REGINALD GAVESTON.

THE END.







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